

PUNCH

VOL. CIV



LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1893.



Printed and Published by J. G. & J. H. B. 1854

LONDON:
BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO. LD., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



SCENE—*The Elysian Fields, a flower-gemmed bank, by a flowing stream, beneath the sylvan shade of unfading foliage.*

Mr. PUNCH—who is free of all places, from Fleet Street to Parnassus—discovered, in Arcadian attire, attempting “numerous verse” on a subject of National importance—to wit, the approaching Royal Marriage.

Mr. Punch. Propt on this “bank of amaranth and moly,”
 Beneath the shade of boughs wamelancholy,
 I meditate on *Ætas* and on *Hymen*!
 Pheugh! *What a Summer!* Torrid drought doth try
 men,—
 And fields and farms; yet when our Royal MAJ
 Weds—in July—’tis fit that *Phæbus* stay
 His fiery car to welcome her! By Jove,
 That sounds *Spenserian*! *Illustrious Love*
Epithalamion demands, and lo!
 We’ve no official *Laureate*, to let flow,
 With *Tennysonian* dignity and sweetness,
 Courtly congratulation. *DRYDEN’S* neatness,
 Even the gush of *NAHUM TATE* or *PYE*
 Are not available, so PUNCH must try
 His unofficial pen. My tablets, TOBY!
 This heat ’s enough to give you hydrophoby!

Talk about Dog-days! Is that nectar iced?
 Then just one gulp! It beats the highest priced
 And creamiest champagne. Now, silence, Dog,
 And let me give my lagging Muse a jog!

[Writes, with one eye on the portraits of the Duke of
 YORK and the Princess MAY, the other on the
 iced nectar-cup.

Humph! I do hope the happy Royal Pair
 (Whose counterfeit presentments front me there,
 Inspiring, in young manhood and frank beauty)
 Will think their *Laureate* hath fulfilled his duty,
 His labour of most loyal love, discreetly.
 Compliments delicate, piled not sickly-sweetly,
 Like washy *WARTON’S*, nor so loud thrasonical—
 Like *Glorious JOHN’S*—that they sound half ironical!
 ’Tis hard indeed for loyal love to hit
 The medium just ’twixt sentiment and wit—

[TOBY barks, and a mellifluous voice soundeth, courteously
intervenient, as two splendid Shades steal silently
through the verdurous shadows.

First Voice. But you have hit it, never-missing-One!

Second Voice. For fulsome twaddle finds best check in Fun!

Mr. Punch (with respectful heartiness). What! Sweet-voiced

SPENSER! Chivalrous-souled SIDNEY!!

This is a joy! For heroes of your kidney
PUNCH hath a heartier homage, as he hopes,
Than the most thundering Swinburnian tropes
Could all express!

Spenser (smiling mildly). ALGERNON's one of Us!

In fierce superlatives, and foam and fuss,
He deals o'ermuch, but proof lies in his page.

He's of the true Parnassian lineage,
And should be Laureate—if he care to be so.

Sidney. Would he but heed what HORACE wrote to PISO!

"The singing-skill of god APOLLO's giving"

Is his, however, and no lyrist living
Hath such a stretch of finger, or such tone.

Mr. Punch. Faith, but he sings immortal FAMES—your own!

My PHILIP, latest and not least—in strains
That thrill our nerves and mount into our brains.
If he would study less in Gosson's "School"

(That of "Abuse," o'er which you laid the rule
In your "Defence of Poesy"), and stay

Less in dim Orcus than Arcadia,

Then—well, I might have well been spared this task.

SPENSER, you penned *your own*; now may I ask
Epithalamion-recipes from you?

Spenser (smiling). Yes—when you need them! I was Lau-
reate too!

There's enough inspiration in those faces

[Pointing to portraits of the Duke of YORK and the
Princess MAY.

To bring the needful Muses, and the Graces,
All to your aid!

Mr. Punch. By Jove! That "takes the cake."

You great Elizabethans had the knack
Of courtly compliment. Young GEORGE, fair MAY,
Shall have your *mot* upon their marriage day,
As a choice wedding gift, to pair with mine!

Spenser and Sidney (together). What's that?

Mr. Punch (politely). One you may share, if you incline.

TOBIAS, hand the new-bound Oracle here!

Take it, brave SIDNEY, take it, SPENSER dear!

It may enliven e'en this amaranth shore;

It is my new

Volume One Hundred and Four!!!



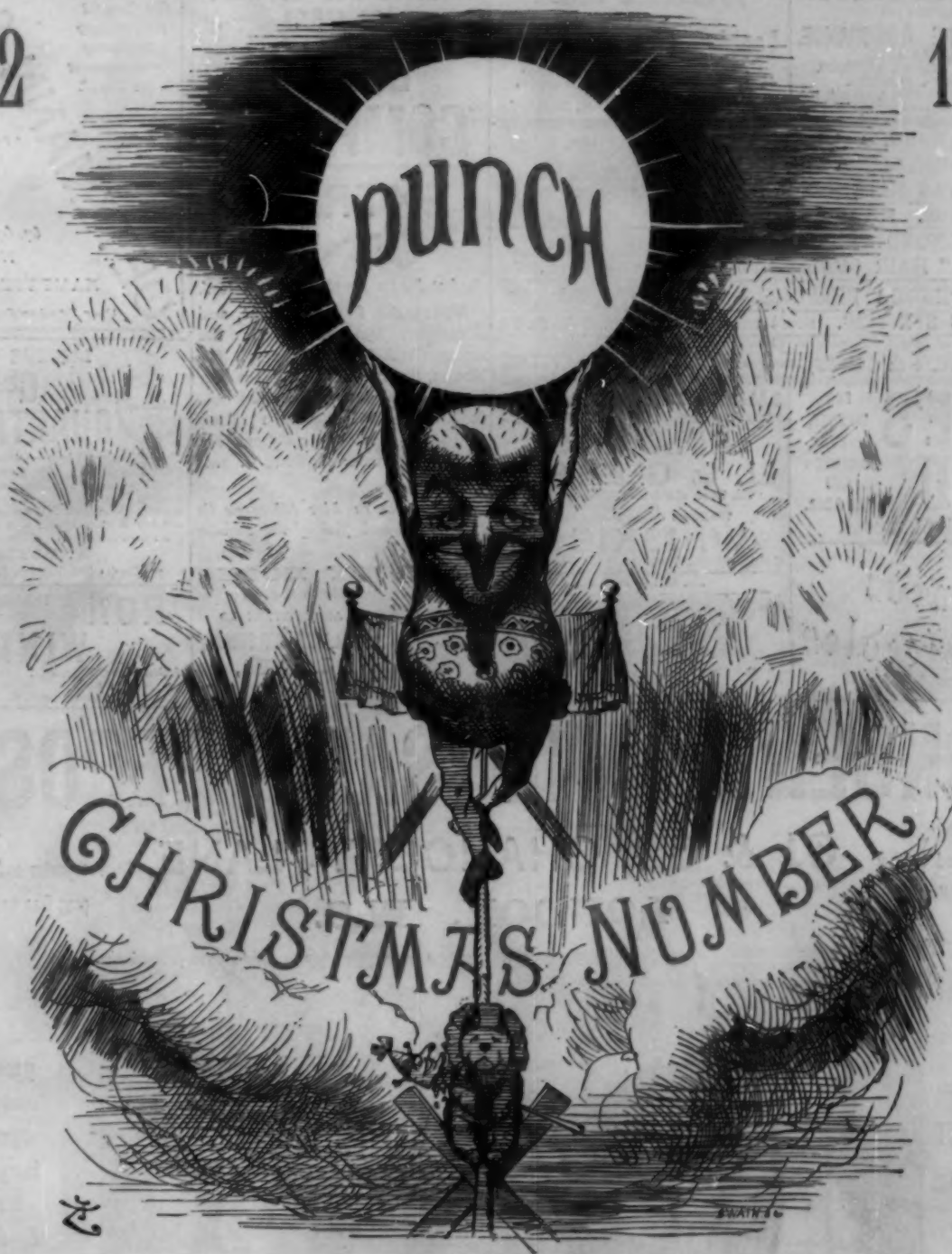
CADBURY'S COCOA

"The typical Cocoa of English manufacture absolutely pure."—THE ANALYST.

1892

1892

for 1893



AND

Punch's Almanac.

PUNCH OFFICE,]

[85, FLEET ST.

JOHANNIS.

KING OF NATURAL TABLE WATERS.

SPRINGS, ZOLLHAUS, GERMANY. London Offices—35, REGENT STREET,
WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

FOUNDED 1808 FOR
MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE.
 INVESTED FUNDS, £4,000,000.
 PROFITS DIVIDED, £4,000,000.
 PAID IN CLAIMS, £8,400,000.
 45, GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.
 ARTHUR SMITH, Actuary and Secretary.

THREE MILLIONS

HAVE BEEN PAID BY THE
RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY,
 FOR
Accidents of all Kinds.
 64, CORNHILL, LONDON.
 W. D. MASSY and A. VIAN, Secretaries.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

For Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn,
 Headaches, Gout, and Indigestion.
 Safest Aperient for Ladies and Children.

IMPROVED AND ECONOMIC COOKERY.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

Perfect Purity Absolutely Guaranteed.

Makes the Finest, Purest, and Strongest Beef Tea. Is the finest Meat-flavouring stock for Soups, Sauces, Made Dishes, &c. Sole Manufactory, Fray Bentos, South America, where forty pounds of prime lean beef are used to make one pound of this Extract.

See Signature in Blue Ink across the Label on each Jar of the Genuine Extract.

COOKERY BOOKS

(Indispensable to ladies)
 SENT FREE ON APPLICATION TO
LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT COMPANY LIMITED,
 9, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.

(Regd.)
 The Largest Proprietary Furnishing Establishment in the World.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE (the best Furnishing Guide extant) POST FREE.

67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, & 79,
HAMPSTEAD ROAD
 (Near Tottenham Court Road, London.)

LIQUEUR OF THE CDE. CHARTREUSE.

This delicious Liqueur, which has come so much into public favour on account of its wonderful properties of aiding Digestion and preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants throughout the Kingdom, and at a considerably less price than formerly. Sole Consignee—

W. DOYLE,
 35, CRUTCHED FRIARS, LONDON, E.C.

IRON AND JACKSON WINE BINS

55, Great Tower Street, E.C., and 8, Haymarket, S.W.

POUDRE D'AMOUR. A TOILET POWDER for the COMPLEXION. Price 1s.
ROBARE'S AUREOLINE. FOR GOLDEN HAIR. Price 10s. 6d.
NUDA VERITAS HAIR RESTORER. FOR GREY HAIR. 10s. 6d.
GLISSADERMOS. FOR EASY SHAVING. Price 1s.
MARRIS'S ALMOND TABLETS. KEEP THE HANDS WHITE. 6d. & 1s.
THE "EASY" HAIR CURLERS. DO NOT TEAR THE HAIR. 6d.
SWEET LAVENDER PERFUME. THE GENUINE BEARS OUR NAME. 1s., 2s. 6d., 5s., 10s. 6d.
CHURCHER'S SPECIFIC. STOPS THE HAIR FALLING. Price 3s. 6d.
 To be had of all Perfumers, Chemists, &c. Wholesale of
R. HOVENDEN & SONS, Berners St., W., & City Rd., E.C., London.

NEAVE'S FOOD

FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, CHILDREN AND THE AGED.
 Best and Cheapest.

Milwards' Needles

Gold Medal, Paris Exhibition, 1878.
 The Prize Medal, Dublin Exhibition, 1885.
KINAHAN'S LL & GLENISLE
 "The Crown of Old Irish Whiskies."
 Pure, Mild, and Mellow.
 The Finest Scotch Whisky Sold.
WHISKIES.
 Guildford St., York Road, Lambeth, S.E.
 SIX GOLD MEDALS.

Goddard's Plate Powder

NON-MERCURIAL. The BEST and SAFEST ARTICLE for CLEANING SILVER, ELEC. RO-PLATE, &c. BOTTLS, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

CHANCERY LANE SAFE DEPOSIT,

61 & 62, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.
 Prospectus and Card to View post free on application.

ANNUAL RENT of SAFES, 1 to 5 Guineas.
 ANNUAL RENT of STRONG ROOMS, 8 to 90 Guineas.

Telegraphic Address—"Strong Rooms, London."
 Telephone, No. 2575.



INTERIOR VIEW OF A STRONGHOLD FITTED WITH SAFES.

New ones just finished to keep pace with the demand. Fire-proof and Burglar-proof, for Deeds, Jewellery and Valuables of every description. Writing, Waiting, and Telephone Rooms free to Renters.

FEBRUARY xxviii Days

1 Wm. Coker b.	16 W. Ash. Wad.
2 Th. R. Lincoln	16 Th. Burke ene.
3 F. Bessner d.	17 F. Bralson d.
4 E. S. T. Th. 37 m.	18 Lenth d.
5 H. Hazz. R.	19 L. S. in Lon.
6 S. S. Ch. 56 m.	20 J. H. H. d.
7 T. Q. of 30. Day	21 T. Trinidad t.
8 Th. D. 30. Day	22 Th. S. Br. d.
9 Th. D. 30. Day	23 Th. S. Br. d.
10 P. Q. V. 30. Day	24 P. Mathias
11 H. D. 30. 42m.	25 Wren d.
12 O. Quinn. S.	26 T. S. in Lon.
13 M. Reed. 16 d.	27 M. Bessner
14 T. Valentine	28 T. J. T. d.

APRIL xxx Days.

AN Poole	16-8	28. of, R.
Boat. San.	17 N	B. Cullin
Ed. Holding	18 Tx	Gravett
S. S. H. Wm.	19 W	J. Jettison
W. S. H. Wm.	20 Th	Rpa. S. de
O. Lady Day	21 F	Sp. Heber
Fr. Leap. 6	22 S	Olsson
B. Savon	23 S	B. S. of, R.
Low Sun.	24 H	B. Landr
Health B.	25 Tx	Fr. Alce
Boat. H. B.	26 W	D. 14th.
Young J.	27 Th	Gilbert
Hendel d.	28 F	B. Yours
Fr. Boat. A.	29 S	B. Chab.
A. Moun	30 S	4 S. of, R.

JUNE как Days

Corp. Christ.	169	J. W.
Harvey &	174	M. A.
A. S. Sh. Sins.	180	S. Sins.
1 So. of, Tr.	190	R. W.
3 e. th. 2nd	200	Tu. G. V.
Calpine ths.	210	W. Sins.
S. Arson	220	Th. S. Pe.
D. Jerrald d.	230	P. S. P.
Paxton d.	240	Midway
Heilsberg	250	4 So.
2 So. of, Tr.	260	Geo.
S. Wilton	270	Tu. Calor.
Hastings bld.	280	W. G. V.
S. Newby	290	Th. S. P.
Mag. Christ.	300	Remor.

AUGUST xxxi Days.

To Lamone	17 Th	R. D. Black
W R. Kamm	1 F	R. S. Spencer
To Hiram. Pa. o	19 S	Overton
F Dyrain. Sen. c	20 S	12 S. of
R S. R. 46. Sen.	21 M	Black. Ch
10 S. of Tr.	22 Th	R. Snow
M. H. Holiday	23 W	Wallace
To Orway h	24 Th	S. Barth
W S. E. Th. Hm.	25 F	J. West
To Lawrence	26 S	P. Conn
F Half Quar.	27 S	12 S. of
S Tryn. Hk. c	2 M	R. Long
11 S. of Tr.	29 Th	J. J. J.
M. Ld. Clyde d	30 W	Foley b
To W. Good h	31 Th	Shannon
W R. Canine		

OCTOBER xxi Days.

1	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100																
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	9					

DECEMBER xxi Days

18 F. W. W. 17	21 W. in Adv.
20 H. Ammerl 17	22 Grimsdale 17
21 L. in Adv. 17	23 T. Brake 17
22 Broadway 17	24 W. V. Victor 17
23 Monro 17	25 T. Thoms 17
24 W. T. T. 17	26 W. G. 17
25 T. T. T. 17	27 W. in Adv. 17
26 T. T. T. 17	28 W. in Adv. 17
27 T. T. T. 17	29 W. in Adv. 17
28 T. T. T. 17	30 W. in Adv. 17
29 T. T. T. 17	31 W. in Adv. 17
30 T. T. T. 17	32 W. in Adv. 17
31 T. T. T. 17	33 W. in Adv. 17
32 T. T. T. 17	34 W. in Adv. 17
33 T. T. T. 17	35 W. in Adv. 17
34 T. T. T. 17	36 W. in Adv. 17
35 T. T. T. 17	37 W. in Adv. 17
36 T. T. T. 17	38 W. in Adv. 17
37 T. T. T. 17	39 W. in Adv. 17
38 T. T. T. 17	40 W. in Adv. 17
39 T. T. T. 17	41 W. in Adv. 17
40 T. T. T. 17	42 W. in Adv. 17
41 T. T. T. 17	43 W. in Adv. 17
42 T. T. T. 17	44 W. in Adv. 17
43 T. T. T. 17	45 W. in Adv. 17
44 T. T. T. 17	46 W. in Adv. 17
45 T. T. T. 17	47 W. in Adv. 17
46 T. T. T. 17	48 W. in Adv. 17
47 T. T. T. 17	49 W. in Adv. 17
48 T. T. T. 17	50 W. in Adv. 17
49 T. T. T. 17	51 W. in Adv. 17
50 T. T. T. 17	52 W. in Adv. 17
51 T. T. T. 17	53 W. in Adv. 17
52 T. T. T. 17	54 W. in Adv. 17
53 T. T. T. 17	55 W. in Adv. 17
54 T. T. T. 17	56 W. in Adv. 17
55 T. T. T. 17	57 W. in Adv. 17
56 T. T. T. 17	58 W. in Adv. 17
57 T. T. T. 17	59 W. in Adv. 17
58 T. T. T. 17	60 W. in Adv. 17
59 T. T. T. 17	61 W. in Adv. 17
60 T. T. T. 17	62 W. in Adv. 17
61 T. T. T. 17	63 W. in Adv. 17
62 T. T. T. 17	64 W. in Adv. 17
63 T. T. T. 17	65 W. in Adv. 17
64 T. T. T. 17	66 W. in Adv. 17
65 T. T. T. 17	67 W. in Adv. 17
66 T. T. T. 17	68 W. in Adv. 17
67 T. T. T. 17	69 W. in Adv. 17
68 T. T. T. 17	70 W. in Adv. 17
69 T. T. T. 17	71 W. in Adv. 17
70 T. T. T. 17	72 W. in Adv. 17
71 T. T. T. 17	73 W. in Adv. 17
72 T. T. T. 17	74 W. in Adv. 17
73 T. T. T. 17	75 W. in Adv. 17
74 T. T. T. 17	76 W. in Adv. 17
75 T. T. T. 17	77 W. in Adv. 17
76 T. T. T. 17	78 W. in Adv. 17
77 T. T. T. 17	79 W. in Adv. 17
78 T. T. T. 17	80 W. in Adv. 17
79 T. T. T. 17	81 W. in Adv. 17
80 T. T. T. 17	82 W. in Adv. 17
81 T. T. T. 17	83 W. in Adv. 17
82 T. T. T. 17	84 W. in Adv. 17
83 T. T. T. 17	85 W. in Adv. 17
84 T. T. T. 17	86 W. in Adv. 17
85 T. T. T. 17	87 W. in Adv. 17
86 T. T. T. 17	88 W. in Adv. 17
87 T. T. T. 17	89 W. in Adv. 17
88 T. T. T. 17	90 W. in Adv. 17
89 T. T. T. 17	91 W. in Adv. 17
90 T. T. T. 17	92 W. in Adv. 17
91 T. T. T. 17	93 W. in Adv. 17
92 T. T. T. 17	94 W. in Adv. 17
93 T. T. T. 17	95 W. in Adv. 17
94 T. T. T. 17	96 W. in Adv. 17
95 T. T. T. 17	97 W. in Adv. 17
96 T. T. T. 17	98 W. in Adv. 17
97 T. T. T. 17	99 W. in Adv. 17
98 T. T. T. 17	100 W. in Adv. 17
99 T. T. T. 17	101 W. in Adv. 17
100 T. T. T. 17	102 W. in Adv. 17
101 T. T. T. 17	103 W. in Adv. 17
102 T. T. T. 17	104 W. in Adv. 17
103 T. T. T. 17	105 W. in Adv. 17
104 T. T. T. 17	106 W. in Adv. 17
105 T. T. T. 17	107 W. in Adv. 17
106 T. T. T. 17	108 W. in Adv. 17
107 T. T. T. 17	109 W. in Adv. 17
108 T. T. T. 17	110 W. in Adv. 17
109 T. T. T. 17	111 W. in Adv. 17
110 T. T. T. 17	112 W. in Adv. 17
111 T. T. T. 17	113 W. in Adv. 17
112 T. T. T. 17	114 W. in Adv. 17
113 T. T. T. 17	115 W. in Adv. 17
114 T. T. T. 17	116 W. in Adv. 17
115 T. T. T. 17	117 W. in Adv. 17
116 T. T. T. 17	118 W. in Adv. 17
117 T. T. T. 17	119 W. in Adv. 17
118 T. T. T. 17	120 W. in Adv. 17
119 T. T. T. 17	121 W. in Adv. 17
120 T. T. T. 17	12

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH



"We will do nothing but angle, and talk of fish and fishing."

The Compleat Angler.

First Entry.—Since I was fourteen, and odd boy at a Buttermonger's, "retirement" has been the dream of my life. Now I am fifty-five, I have realised it, at Rose Cottage, Bramblewood. And—heigho!—Retirement is not so rosy as I had fancied. *Don't know what to do with myself!* BUMPSTEAD, my neighbour, says I want a hobby. BUMPSTEAD, who, like *Silas Wegg*, has a weakness for "dropping into poetry," thus doggerelises:—

"Lh? You're chippy, stale, dull, cobby?
You've the blooming hump, my Bony!
Stir your stumps, and mount a Hobby!"

But what hobby? BUMPSTEAD, an enthusiastic Waltonian, says Angling! He'll play *Piscator* to my *Finator*. Knows all about it; generally smells of fish; clothes commonly speckled with scales, with slimy dabs at knees. Stuffed fish in chilly-looking glass-cases all over the house, even in bed-rooms. Says he caught 'em all himself. "All men are liars, and some are—anglers." So says JONSON, my neighbour on 'tother side. But he's an orchidomaniac, and consequently scorns BUMPSTEAD and his hobby. Will think it over.

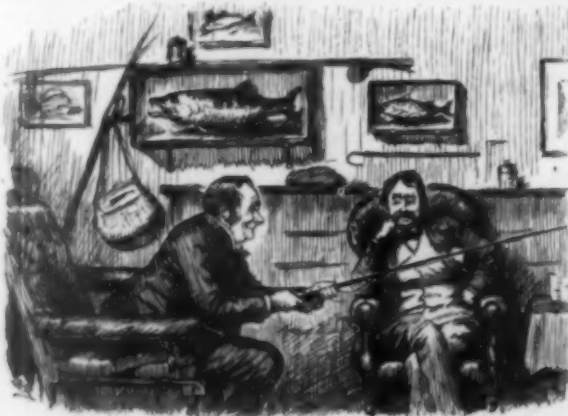
Second Entry.—Have thought it over—with results. Think I've bought every book on angling ever written, from Dame JULIANA BERNERS to ANDREW LANG. As to tackle! Well, you should see. I purchase one sample at least, of every article in Tackle-shop, from a twenty feet salmon-rod to a sixpenny bone disgorgers. Haven't least idea of use of one-half of them. But they nearly fill a four-wheeler, and frighten JANE, my wife, almost into fits.

BUMPSTEAD says:—

"Never care for female cackle!
Angler's heaven is heaps of Tackle!"

But BUMPSTEAD is a bachelor.

Third Entry.—Have been reading books and studying tackle, till I'm half dazed. Am in great fog about baits, make an awful



mess of mounting a line; my teeth ache with biting "shots" on to the "gut," and my fingers—not to name other parts of my person—are sore from fortuitous hook-pricks. I never knew anything so plaguy perverse, or so unaccountable in its vagaries, as your average fish-hook. If the fish find it half as difficult to keep clear of 'em as I do, what sport I shall have!

You should have seen me yesterday after mounting an eighteen foot rod in the garden, trying to drop the bait "gently," and "softly as a snail moves" (as IZAAK directs), into a washing-tub filled with water. Rod sprang and swished like a live thing, hooks got entangled in every unlikely thing within reach, from the seat of my pants to a flower-pot on an upper window-sill, from JANE's cap to Fido's tail. Ultimately, after snapping two top joints, smashing my wife's favourite myrtle, and embedding a hook in TOMMY's left ear (it had to be cut out by the surgeon), I got the whole confounded caboodle into a sort of aggravated Gordian knot and gave it up—for the day.



Fourth Entry.—I have caught my first fish!!! Only an eight-ounce roach. But oh! the thrill of that first tug at the line, the breathless excitement of that "play," the finished rapture of that "land." I was half hysterical with joy. Hooray! Angling for ever! Bless BUMPSTEAD, and bully for IZAAK! Pass the big stone-bottle, B., and I'll drink to my first catch.

"Oh, the gallant fisher's life
Is the best of any!"

Woohoop!

"There, sit down, man," says BUMPSTEAD tartly, "or you'll upset the punt and frighten away all the fish!"

Didn't catch another fish that day. But I fouled my tackle fifty times at least, lost a top joint, and hooked—but failed to "land"—the frame of an old umbrella.

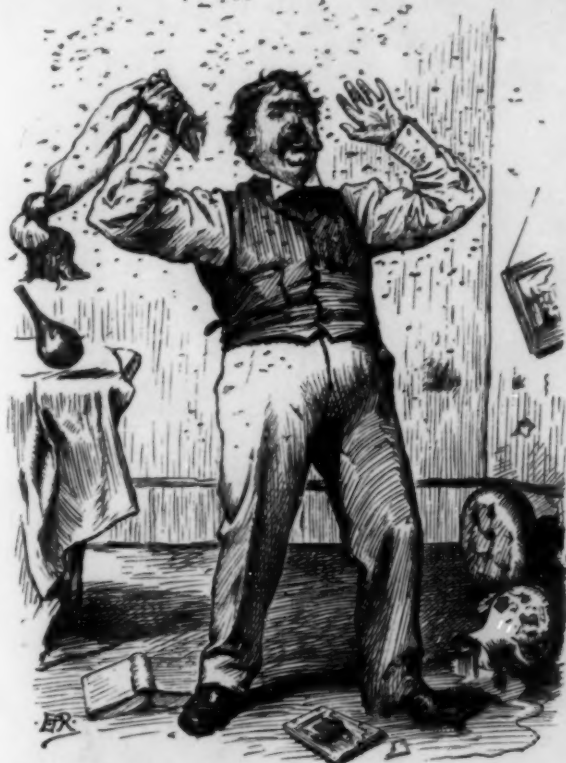
Went home with my one fish, feeling depressed. BUMPSTEAD says I must not be discouraged,—

"For like C. nquerors and Clowns,
Anglers have their ups and downs."

Fifth Entry.—BUMPSTEAD quite right. Anglers have their ups and downs. Wonder if it was first called the Gentle Craft on account of—"gentles." Horrid clammy, wriggling, evil-smelling things, which nobody but an ardent angler would touch. JANE loathes 'em. Took an extra fine lot—about half a pailful—home, in view of "a day among the roach." Got loose in night, and next morning were crawling all over place,—those that hadn't turned into bluebottles. Such a "plague of flies" as we've had ever since Egypt never equalled. Fly-traps, catch-'em-alive-obs! papier moure, and organised hunts with entomological nets and

AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1893.

knotted towels all equally futile. Broke ornaments, brought down cornices, and blobbed wall-papers all over. But didn't seem to diminish flies. Dull, indeed!—and with JANE in such a tantrum!



BUMPSTEAD sings:—

"We have gentles in our horn.
We have paste and worms too:
Don't they rouse the slavey's scorn?
Give the wife the squirms, too!"

Doggereel, but dreadfully true!

Next day collected scanty remnants of the "gentle" host, and had a go at the roach. Caught two, one undersized. Have heard how many dozen bullets, on average, it takes to kill a man in battle. Wonder how many hundred "gentles" go to the hooking of an eight-ounce roach.

Sixth Entry.—BUMPSTEAD down with rheumatism, caught by sitting six hours in punt, and in heavy rain, at Crumples' Corner after chub. Invited to a day's dace-fishing at Staines. Arrive at 10 o'clock on a fine summer morning. Host called away on jury. Left to tender mercies of his son, who is sweet-hearting. The pair of spoons moor the punt in a capital "pitch" under some willows, and then go off together in boat. They say to fetch lunch. Two hours pass and neither they nor the lunch comes. Nor do the dace. Sun shifts, and I'm left in full glare thereof. Began to melt, and fear sunstroke. Arrange handkerchief under my straw as sort of "puggree." No use, fish keep in the shade, I can't.

Can stand this no longer. Must try to shift the punt myself. Carefully loosen chain, and drag violently at one pole. Won't leave its hold on bottom for ever so long. Finally does so suddenly with a jerk, landing me on my back in middle of punt. Hurts. Gather myself up and shift shorter pole. Punt wobbles away at an angle all across river. Plunge about with iron-shod pole trying to bring punt "up," and re-moor. Pole either won't hold, or buries itself firmly in stodgy clay of bottom, declining to come out. Perfectly horrible. Never felt so helpless in my life. Punt drifting doggedly down-stream towards weir. I have no sort of control over it. Shout for help, and strike wildly for bottom. Pole holds at last, thank heaven! By Jove it *does* hold? Punt doesn't though, but

drags itself away from me. Hold on in agony by my toes for half minute, and then find myself out of punt in mid-stream clinging on to pole as though I were trying to climb it.

If those confounded "spoons," alarmed by my yells, had not come in boat to my rescue, that would have been my last day's angling. As it is, never trust myself alone in punt again until I've learned how to handle it. The comfortable flat-bottomed philistine looking thing, once adrift, is worse than skates, bicycles, or wild horses.

Seventh Entry.—"When you can hook, play, and land a barbel," says BUMPSTEAD, "you may begin to fancy yourself a fisherman of the bottom-fishing sort at least." Most exciting!

"When the warm sun shines, and birds do warble,
If you're droway—just you hook a barbel!
With wet feet, red nose, and toes like marble,
Would you warm yourself?—just play a barbel!"

DICK DUBBINS, the Richmond fisherman, promises to teach me. They call him "DOTTY DICK." But he can fish. Try for hours for a big barbel in vain. Thinking of giving it up, when DICK cries suddenly, in a sort of choked shout, "Get him, Sir, by the Holy Moses!"

"Seven-pounder if it's a hounce!" cried Dick. "Be careful, Sir! Keep the point well hup! Let 'im run, Sir! Wind in 'a bit! Don't let the slack foul!! way, Sir, towards the on, in eager hysterical for twenty minutes at the barbel's nose is DICK extends the land-doubles himself up in merriment which punt. "Why, Sir," he he'd regained breath, Jerusalem, it's a old So it was. I'd the handle, and its "played the barbel" to perfection. We fished on for another hour, and then hooked a pair of rusty scissors! "Here, I say," cries

"Be careful, Sir! Keep the point well hup! Let 'im run, Sir! Wind in 'a bit! Don't let the slack foul!! way, Sir, towards the on, in eager hysterical for twenty minutes at the barbel's nose is DICK extends the land-doubles himself up in merriment which punt. "Why, Sir," he he'd regained breath, Jerusalem, it's a old So it was. I'd the handle, and its "played the barbel" to perfection. We fished on for another hour, and then hooked a pair of rusty scissors! "Here, I say," cries



THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH



Leslie Sambrook, Y.Y.S.

THE MODERN MOTHER GOOSE.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE YEAR.

"BAA! BAA! BLACK SHEEP."
(Knavish Speculation.)

"LITTLE MISS MUFFET."
(Realism and Conventional Fiction.)

"DICKERY DICKERY DOCK."
(Eight Hours' Labour Question.)



THE MODERN MOTHER GOOSE.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE YEAR.

"RAIN, RAIN, GO AWAY!"
(Spoilt Pleasure.)

"JACK AND JILL WENT UP THE HILL."
(Mariage de Convenience)

"SNAIL, SNAIL, COME OUT OF YOUR HOLE."
(Capital and Labour.)

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

DICK, "we'll make a shift, if you please, Sir. Jiggered if we 'aven't been and dropped into a bloomin' ironmonger's shop!!!"

Eighth Entry.—From barbel to gudgeon seems a drop. But both BUMPSTEAD and DOTTY DICK say there's no chance of any other sport to-day.
Worst of it is, when I "strike" one, I



"tip" it over my head, 'tis so light. This annoys BUMPSTEAD, especially when the fish lands down his shirt-collar, and the hook in his neck. My erratic movements upset him, the swim, and pretty nearly the punt. BUMPSTEAD swears, I put down my rod and sulk. DOTTY DICK catches the infection of ill-temper, and makes rude allusions to "parties with the St. Witus's dance who won't never make no fishermen—not them!" Then he drinks too much ale and gets first noisy then morose. He grimly prophesies that we shall "ketch no more fish this bout." Nor do we. A Thames fisherman once in the sulks is implacable. So ends my first day's "gudgeoning."

Ninth Entry.—"Bottom-fishing is the prose, fly-fishing the poetry of angling," says BUMPSTEAD.

"I'm a float! I'm a float! Ah! that's all very fine, But float-fishing is not a poetical line. If angling in Helicon hardlings should try, Be sure, my dear boy, they would fish with a fly!"

Poetry or not, I find wading in Thames shallows slippery and sloppy work. Slide into holes and trip over snags. Branches too, are bothersome. Pretty to talk about, "whipping a stream." But my line and hook seem to prefer to "whip" the willows, the bushes, the banks, the posts and rails, my own hat or the bottom of my creel, anything rather than the water. And I "catch" osier-sprigs, weed-tangles, bits of wood, small slimy stones, everything but dace.

At last I make a wild cast, the line quite irrespective of my wishes whirling high over a clump of osiers. What "comes back" to me is a girl's hat—and a scream. A pair of sweethearts in a canoe, spooning under the lee of that osier clump, quite unsuspected by me! Alarm of Amanda, rage of Amanda. Stepping forward hastily to apologise, I trip over a sunk branch, and flop bodily into a pool. Tableau, tangle, trip, impromptu "tub," temper!!! If this is "poetry," give me "dry" prose!

Tenth Entry.—"Fly-making great fun!" says BUMPSTEAD, patting his podgy book affectionately.

"Fish take flies, and flies then take 'em.
Duffers buy 'em, wise men make 'em!"

Means teaching me to be wise man.

They seem to make flies out of everything that is out-of-the-way, useless, and hard to procure. Coloured silk, crewel, sheep's wool, hog's hair, gold and silver thread, silks of all colours, feathers of all fowls that fly, or don't fly, from peacocks to plovers, from canaries to capons, from mallards to—dodos, I daresay; snippets from my mare's tail, pullings from my dun heifer, clippings from JANE's dresses, and hairs—surreptitiously—from her head, all sorts of stickinesses and nastinesses in the way of varnish, dubbing, &c., &c., &c. JANE mocks me, immersed in multifarious "materials" like a milliner, and anathematising like an angry cabby. "Wait till I bring you home a thirty-pound salmon of my own catching!" I cry. "AA!" says JANE, significantly.

Eleventh Entry.—Appreciate JANE's sardonic "Ah!" now. Been to Scotland with BUMPSTEAD and a bushel of flies. "Tossing the Caber" easy exercise compared with "throwing a fly." BUMPSTEAD wields his "pole" (as Yanks call it), as though it were a switch, and drops his fly where he pleases as deftly and delicately as "a bee on a posy." I agonise with my "pole" until my wrist feels gouty, and drop my fly, with a flop, on boulder, up a tree, in crevice of rock, in small of my back, or BUMPSTEAD's Glengary—anywhere, anywhere out of the—water!

Hook fish at last, however. "Forty-pounder, if an ounce!" swears BUMPSTEAD. Feels a hundredweight, at least. Drags me where it pleases, into stream, over slippery boulders, through painfully prickly bushes, and numerous defiles of sharp-edged rough-surfaced rocks. Feel all aches and abrasures, sprains, and smart. Finally parts company with a plunge and a pop, carrying tackle with him, leaving me on my back in a chilly pool, with my heels in the air, and waving (like *Marmion*), "the fragment of a—rod!"

Twelfth Entry.—"Trolling for pike in winter is splendid sport," says BUMPSTEAD, enthusiastically.

"If there's a lark that an angler must like,
'Tis mounting a gorge-hook, and trolling for pike.
'Sinking and roving'
You'll find sluggards loving,

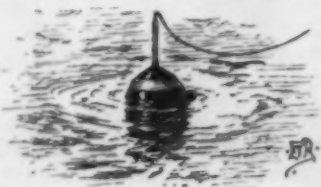
But give me sharp weather, and trolling for pike!"

Twelve-foot trolling-rod and eighty yards of line not easy to handle—especially when one's fingers are frozen numb by cold winds, and one's eyes half blinded with driving sleet. Try to "cast my gorge-bait" skilfully, and allow my line to "fall in free coils by my feet on left side." No go! Always shy the bait as though it were a stone, making it fall into water with huge "plash," invariably in wrong place. And the "free-coils" always get about my feet in complicated, inextricable tangles and snarls. Feel like frozen fly in a titanic spider's web. Sneeze violently and continuously—which frightens away fish, says BUMPSTEAD. So it seems, for

we certainly catch none during long December



day of "Sport." Sport to BUMPSTEAD very nearly death to me. While making this Twelfth, and last entry, am propped up in bed (a "feather-bed non-angler now) slowly recovering from attack of rheumatism. Am also quite recovered from acute attack of Anglemania. Never again with you, BUMPSTEAD! Have had plenty of time for "Contemplation," but it has not been "Recreative." Its result is that I've made JANE happy by promising to sell off my room-full of "tackle" in one cheap "Job Lot," make waste-paper of BERNERS, WALTON, COTTON & Co., and trust Providence, and be quiet, and (not) go "a-angling!"



AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1893.



MR. PUNCH'S DREAM OF HIS RECENT AMERICAN VISIT. No. 1.—NEW YORK.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

THE DIARY OF AN AMATEUR.

JANUARY.—Feel that the national stage requires regeneration. Doing fairly well with Dr. IRVING and Mr. TOOLE, but might do better. Will let the British Public see how *Hamlet* should be



E.H.

"Hamlet invariably present."

obliged to go to the country. Both say they will be all right on the night. Sure I have heard that phrase before—somewhere. However, at all rehearsals, *Hamlet* invariably present, I am *Hamlet*. Believe I shall be good. Ask members of the company what they think of my reading. They reply, "Splendid; but what do I think of theirs?" I answer "Splendid!" Amateurs awfully selfish; only think of themselves. Have secured a charity. Universal Philanthropists declined. Thought play-acting wicked. Go for Fund for Ancient Omnibus Horses.

APRIL.—First of the month fixed for performance. Friends of Ancient Omnibus Horses disposed of in *tableaux vivants*. Notion of Secretary. My selections given in full. Rest of tragedy in dumb show. Mrs. BOSWORTH BROWN amusing as *Ophelia*. Fostered notion that *Hamlet* must have been mad. Miss BOSWORTH BROWN a feeble *Queen*. Frightened at the *Ghost*. And at everyone else. After paying expenses, Ancient Omnibus Horses came off rather shabbily.

"Two pounds ten and six," says Secretary, pleased.

More than forty shillings better than last charity performance. Besides his name mentioned in the Press notices. Distinct gain to the institution.

MAY.—Think painting requires patronage. Royal Academy decent, but scarcely up to the mark. Painters mean well. Directors of the New Gallery, too, have good intentions. But scarcely enough. Want new blood. Need new ideas. Don't know a good picture when they see it. Rejected mine. Not that that has much to do with it. At least, not much. However, West End hopeless. Did not appreciate selections from *Hamlet*. Went to sleep, although SHAKESPEARE's tragedy was played by amateurs. Why not assist the East End? Viscountess FELSTEAD Honorary Treasurer. Committee meet at house of Lady UPHAM PARKE. Tea, cakes, and business. Rough idea—help the working-classes. Also idea for roughs. Levity depreciated. I suggest Pictures. Some one says, Why not frames? Idea catches on. Picture-frames better than pictures. Often more valuable. And artistic. Viscountess FELSTEAD says she can sing. No one contradicts her. Too polite. Viscountess says that, while she sings, working-classes can look at the picture-frames. Notion accepted, but without enthusiasm. Having assembled, some one suggests we

require a name. Why not Band of Amateur Benefactors? Yes—but why? Because we are benefactors—at least, *en amateur*.
JUNE.—Band of Amateur Benefactors hard at work. Proceedings take the shape chiefly of flirtation and strawberries and cream. East-End occasionally mentioned in the course of the proceedings. Exhibition of Picture-Frames growing. Viscountess FELSTEAD, going to sing. Lady UPHAM PARKE, going to dance. Eminent *maître de ballet*, teaching her. Of course step-dance. Requires long trains. Two of them—worn at the side—made of muslin, and held up like wings. Young Curates assisting with a dance of their own. Catamarango of the time of JAMES THE FIRST. Eminent *maître de ballet* teaching them too.

"Meant to represent the movement of the cockatoo," says he. When actually danced, large cloaks and rapiers necessary. Cloak has to be thrown up over head to represent raising of the feathers. Sword assists operation. At practice, umbrellas and Inverness-capes are used as substitutes. Curates volunteer to do this to amuse their poorer parishioners. Nice idea to bring class and class together. Nice idea too, to think it over in the drawing-room of Viscountess FELSTEAD's town-house, and the grounds of the place of Lady UPHAM PARKE in the country. Matters progressing satisfactorily.

JULY.—Take it all round, the performance of the Band of Amateur Benefactors was a success. But the working-men and their wives and families, for whom the performance was organised, did not come up—but this was rather an advantage than otherwise. Left more room for the friends of the performers. The Catamarango a great success. Encored twice. Second time the Curates only gave the last figure, when the dancers go through a performance suggestive of the Cockatoos putting their heads in the sand, thinking no one can see their bodies. Slight confusion of ideas. Some slight difficulty at first because leading Curate insisted that the stage was too low to show his legs. He wanted the footlights sunk, and the scenery next. In fact, ordered the alterations. Fortunately Local Surveyor interfered, and matters were left as they were. A full audience. And, to make things complete, one working-man turned up, looking beautifully clean. Discovered, subsequently, that it was a gravedigger, who had been induced to look on, thanks to the influence of the Vicar.

AUGUST.—People going out of town. Secured a yacht—*The Lady of the North Pole*. Everything very perfect. Man-o'-war discipline on board—salute the flag on going aft as if it were a quarter-deck. Crew in jerseys embroidered with "Queen of the North Pole." Skipper in cap with badge. Have joined the Athenian Yacht Club, and am flying the burgee. Wearing correct yachting - costume—serge-blue, and crossed flags on boating-cap. Friends come on board to see me, sit on easy chairs, sip Cup, and make jokes about going down stairs, and smack sails as if they were judging the points of a horse. Am considered an authority upon all naval matters. Answer their questions with more ease when the skipper is out of earshot. He makes me nervous as he knows more about nautical affairs than I do. Have lots of sea-books, and Lord BRASSEY's Annual. Lengthy stay in the harbour. Say I am kept there by stress of weather. If rough condition of ocean speaks for itself, it would declare we are expecting a "capful of wind with some



E.H.

Catamarango.

He's got it! — He's happy now.



*Good
morning*

HAVE YOU USED **PEARS'** soap

The MOST
DELICIOUS,
NUTRITIVE,
and
DIGESTIBLE.

BENGER'S FOOD

FOR
INFANTS,
CHILDREN,
&
INVALIDS.

Extract from Private Letter.—"I feel I must write to you to praise your 'Benger's Food,' for it has been the means of saving a baby's life. . . I shall always make your food known wherever I go."

The London Medical Record says—"It is retained when all other Foods are rejected."
Retail in Tins, 1/6, 2/6, 5/-, and 10/-, of Chemists, &c., Everywhere.—WHOLESALE OF ALL WHOLESALE HOUSES.

"Linen Lasts Longer"

And remains longer clean when washed with Hudson's Soap. It removes the dirt thoroughly, but leaves the linen behind without fraying your cuffs and jagging your collars.

Allen & Hanburys' Castor Oil

TASTELESS, PURE, ACTIVE.

"It is taken both by children and adults without the slightest difficulty, whilst its aperient effects are unquestionable. It possesses all the advantages claimed for it."—*Lancet*.

Sold Everywhere; 6/-, 1/-, 1/6, and 3/-.

BIRD'S CUSTARD

POWDER

Supplies a Daily Luxury—Dainties in Endless Variety—The Choicest Dishes and Richest Custard.

NO EGGS REQUIRED.

BURGLARY INSURANCE.

General Accident Assurance Corporation, Limited.

Established 1880. Capital £100,000.
London Office—4, ABchurch YARD, King William Street.
Liverpool Office—35, CASTLE STREET.
Glasgow Office—125, WEST GEORGE STREET.
Every Householder should be insured. Premium 5/- per annum. Send post card for Prospectus and full particulars. Agents wanted.

Needham's Polishing Paste

Established 1874.
The most reliable Preparation for cleaning and brilliantly Polishing Brass, Copper, Tin, Britannia Metal, Platinoid, &c. Sold everywhere.
SOLE MANUFACTURERS—
JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, SHEFFIELD.
London Office: St. George's House, Etc., E.C.

"Is as nearly tasteless as Cod-Liver Oil can be."—*Lancet*.

"Has almost the delicacy of Salad Oil."—*British Medical Journal*.

"No nauseous eructations follow after it is swallowed."—*Medical Press*.

BYNIN

LIQUID MALT forms a valuable adjunct to Cod-Liver Oil. Being not only a highly concentrated and nutritious Food, but a powerful aid to the digestion. BYNIN is very palatable, and possesses the nutritive and tonic qualities of malt in perfection. It is a valuable aliment in Consumption and Wasting Diseases. In Bottles at 1/-, 2/-, 3/-, and 4/-.



BEAUTIFULLY COOL AND SWEET SMOKING.

Sold only in 1-oz. Packets, and 2, 4, and 8-oz. and 1-lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in Fine Smoking Condition.

ASK AT ALL TOBACCO SELLERS, STORES, &c., AND TAKE NO OTHER.

The Genuine bears the Trade Mark, "NOTTINGHAM CASTLE," on every Packet and Tin.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES in Packets containing 12, and Tins of 24, 50, & 100.

SUPPLIED TO THE QUEEN & ROYAL FAMILY.

The Only Food that will Prevent or Cure Indigestion.

Recommended
Strongly
By

Absolutely
Necessary
For



If any difficulty be experienced in obtaining the above from any leading baker, please write to—

S. FITTON & SON, Millers, MACCLESFIELD.

Allen & Hanburys' "PERFECTED" Cod Liver Oil

It can be borne and digested by the most delicate; is the only oil which does not "repeat"; and for these reasons the most efficacious kind in use. In capsuled bottles only at 1/4, 2/6, 4/6, and 9/-.

Sold Everywhere.

AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1893.

East in it." Sleep on board occasionally. When tired of one place, go to another. Send home the yacht by sea. Follow myself in a first-class compartment on the railway. Good arrangement—especially in dirty weather.

SEPTEMBER.—Think it a good idea to run a coach. Improve the



Turning a Corner.

breed of horses (don't know how, but that's the idea), and revive good old English custom. Call my vehicle "The Merry Times," and have relays at various points. Livery stableman manages it for me. Run from Slowborough to Nettle-on-the-Rash. Six miles there, six miles back. Quite the coachman. Livery stable-keeper supplies drivers when necessary. Drivers usually necessary, in fact, invariably. Make them do all the routine work. Guard in red with a horn. Guard has a selection of fragments. Fragments of "Ta-ra-ra boom de ay!" also "Last Rose of Summer."

"Learnt 'em," says he, in his cups, "Band—river—steam—boat." He wears a white hat, made of beaver. So does the driver, when I am looking. Hear (from a friend) that when my back is turned they both put on flannel caps. Pity. Flannel caps spoil the effect. I wear horsey get up. White hat, small drab coat with large bone buttons. Button-hole. Horse-shoe pin. Shiny boots and white spats. Big cigar. Sometimes drive the team for a dozen yards on starting and arriving. Driver beside me to take the reins in turning a corner. Or if I meet a butcher's cart, or worse, a tricycle. Rest of the journey ride inside reading the newspaper. Passengers charged ten shillings each. That was the charge for the first day. No one came, so lowered the fare to sixpence a-piece. Company consequently more numerous than select. Coach unpleasantly full on Bank Holiday. Paid that day, but on no other. Stopped coach communication between Slowborough and Nettle-on-the-Rash abruptly.

OCTOBER.—Think I ought to retrench. To effect this desirable object will try amateur house-keeping at the sea-side. Season nearly over, so should get apartments at a moderate rate. Try Slushing-ton-on-Sea. Landlady requires eight guineas a week for a sitting-room and a bedroom. Determine to do my own ordering. Find that a sirloin of beef weighing from seven to nine pounds cooks like a beef steak. Enough for dinner, but not for next morning's breakfast. Joint of mutton weighing from six to eight pounds produces a dish that looks uncommonly like a chop.

"Good Mother," says servant who waits on me, "brings up children on nothin'."

The children apparently live in the coal-cellar or on the roof. Must do this, as the house is quite full of other sojourners. Appears I am a great tea-drinker—got through half a pound a

day. Also fond of butter—a couple of pounds of "best fresh" twice a week. I discover, too, that I eat sacks of potatoes, and (I think) bushels of flour. Fancy, after all, I can retrench better at my Club than furnished apartments.

NOVEMBER.—Retrenchment incomplete, so shall try my hand as an amateur financier. Know CON TANGO of the Stock Exchange. CON is an awfully good fellow, and has promised to give me lots of tips when I ask him. Go to City and consult him.

"Do I want to invest, or only to flutter?"
If former, recommends Consols—if latter, Deferred Greenlanders for the rise. "Greenies" (short Stock Exchange slang for Deferred Greenlanders) expected to go up with a rush before the next account. Like his idea of a flutter. I ask if I can make more by "Greenies" than Consols. CON says, "Yes." I can make about two pounds ten by Consols in twenty years, and "six hundred quid" in five minutes by "Greenies." Prefer "Greenies." CON says "then that will be a flutter." Very well. CON asks how much I am willing to lose. Reply with a laugh that "I am willing to win as much as possible." CON rather annoyed. Says he never "plays the fool in business hours." Become serious myself. Arranged to risk six hundred on "Greenies," six hundred to be the extent of cover. CON wants to know if I will order myself, or leave it to him? As he has expressed annoyance at my levity, I say I will leave it to him. Come West and spend the rest of the day at my Club watching the tape. "Greenies" seem to be falling. They come out with Greeks, Portuguese, Italians, and Egyptian Unified. Hang all these stocks! Who cares about them? Man standing near me tells a friend that he has had a good tip. He has sold "Greenies" for the fall. They are going down like winking. Should like to ask him all about it, but can't; never been introduced. Receive later a contract-note telling me officially that I have bought some thousands of Deferred Greenlanders for the account at 37½. Look at evening paper and find that Deferred Greenlanders closed at 33½. So far as I can make out am not exactly recouping. However will leave matters in the hand of CON. He is an excellent man of business, and my friend! A fortnight later know I have lost my six hundred! CON tells me gravely (he never plays the fool in the City) that it would have been better had I invested in Consols. Give up the idea of becoming an amateur financier for the present.

DECEMBER.—
Money matters becoming troublesome. Also slightly off colour. Doctor suggests Margate. Think the



A Flutter.

idea good. So will go there—*via* Monte Carlo. A patient (especially an amateur patient) may surely choose his own route. Arrive in the Riviera, and find it pleasant. However, as an amateur invalid don't think I should run the risk of the night air, so seek shelter in the

Casino. Take three or four days in mastering the system. And then it has rather the better of it. Discover that I am penniless. End the year distinctly impoverished. Still alive, but only living *en amateur*.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

FORTY WINKS BEFORE DINNER. (By Tom Noddy.)



1. As we sat waiting for Dinner at Madame Picard's (12, Rue de la Bonne Friture), Vera said, "Let us go back to England at once!" So we packed up in a hurry, and ran for the Train.



3. The Wheel came off and ran down the Boulevard de la Vinaigrette, and the Barrow after it, and we and Smut after the Barrow. Such a scamper it was! and such odd people looking on!



2. There were no Cabs; but we caught a Wheelbarrow in the Place Paré Croûton, and put Tommy and the Luggage in it. I quite forgot to pay Madame Picard's bill, but it was too late to turn back.



4. We caught the Train just as it left the Passage de l'Andouille. I asked Vera why we left in such a hurry? She said, "No Crumpets; no Piccalilli; no Mint Sauce!" (Which was quite true.)

AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1893.

FORTY WINKS BEFORE DINNER. (By Tom Noddy.)



5. The Train dropped us very civilly in the Rue Galantine. I told Vera to run to the Boat with Tommy and Smut, and secure berths, while I bought a Cigar at Père David's and some French Mustard.



7. He played me for it at Billiards against my Ha d-b g. It was a bad table, and he fluked and won. I hit him on the head with a red-hot Billiard-cue, and he fell fast asleep and snored profusely from the nose.

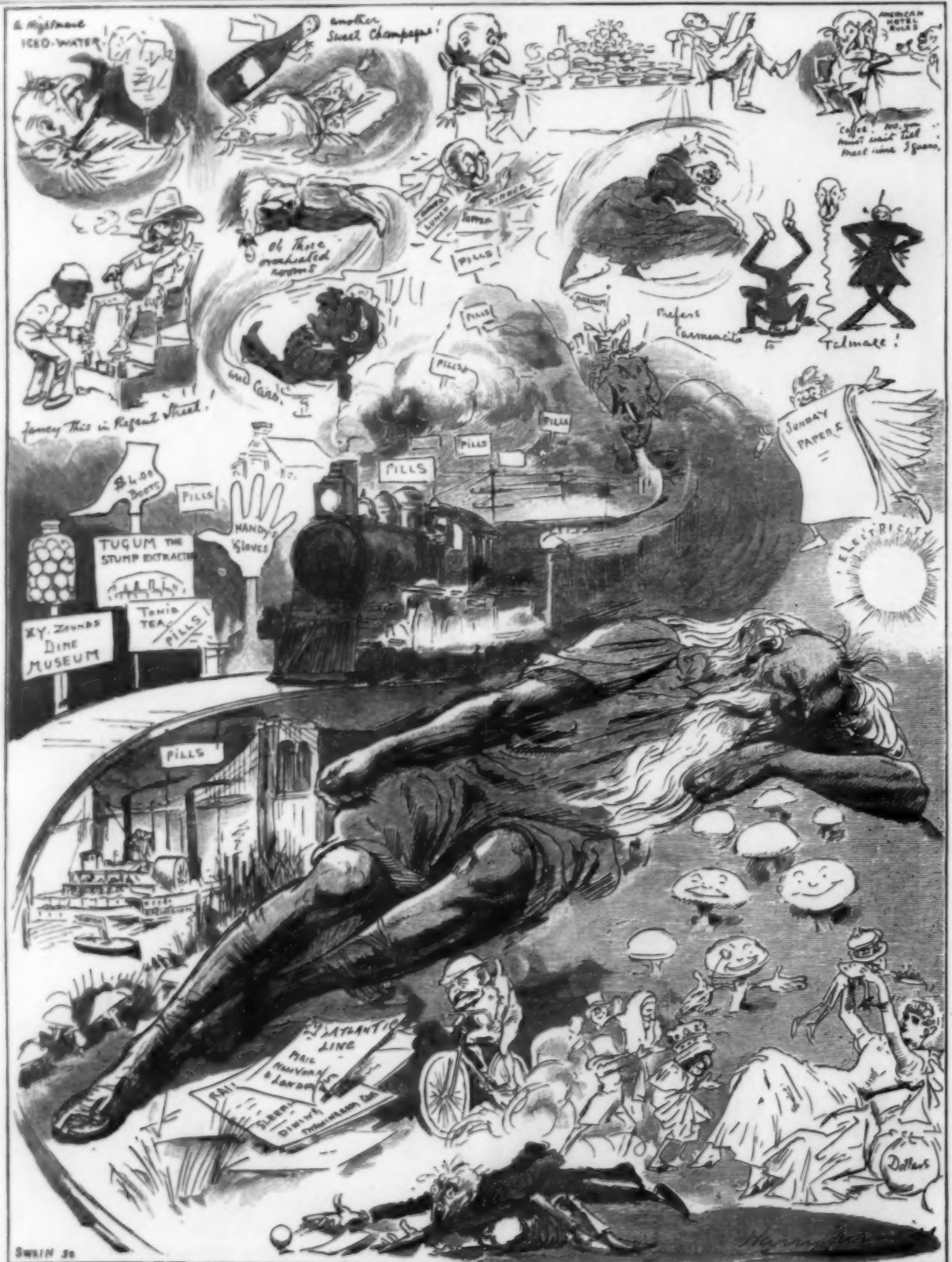


6. The fact is, Père David had a little Bird that could sing "Home, sweet Home" in four languages—Vera's favourite song! I wanted that Bird very badly, for Vera. It was the nicest bird I ever saw.

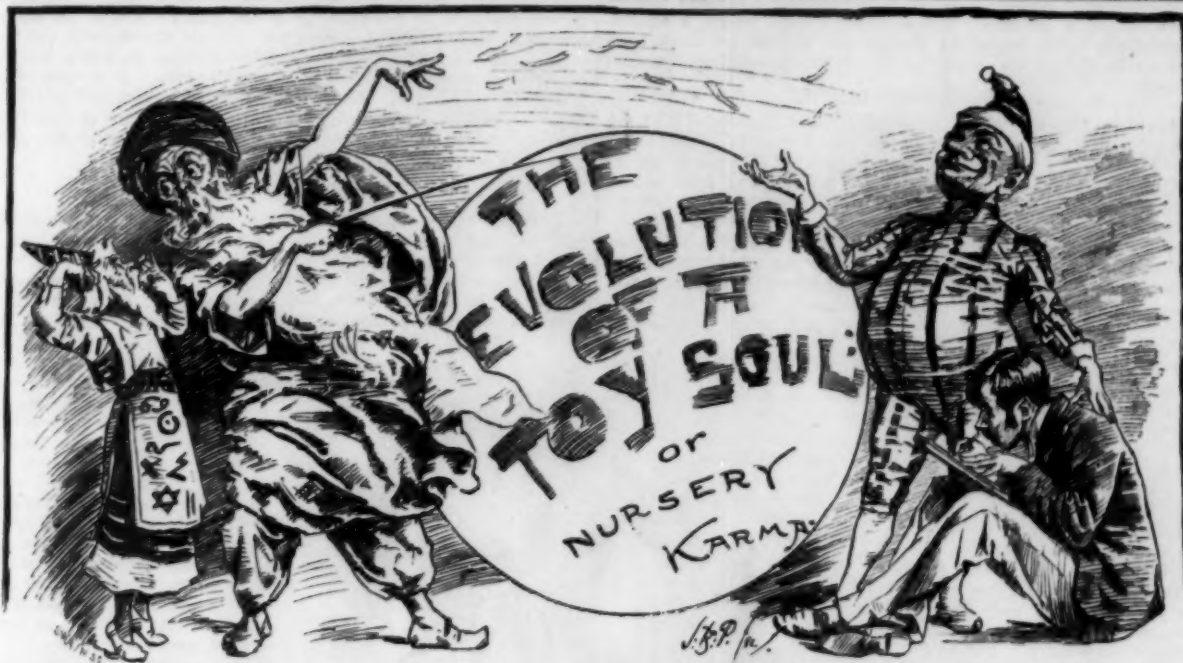


8. It was rather late, so I ran down the Quai des Rissoles with giant strides. I saw the Boat getting up steam at the end of it, amid a forest of masts, and I heard the Bell ring for non-passengers to go ashore. (Continued at p. 20.)

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH



MR. PUNCH'S DREAM OF HIS RECENT AMERICAN VISIT. No. 2.—RIP VAN WINKLE UP TO DATE.



INTRODUCTION.

PEOPLE are greatly mistaken when they imagine that Toys have no Souls. They *have*—only they don't choose to make a fuss about it. Such, at least, is now the accepted opinion among the most eminent Baby Esoteric Buddhists, who contend, moreover, that the Toy Soul is every whit as capable of Spiritual Evolution, after its own fashion, and as liable to generate what is known as "Karma" for good or evil in successive states of objective existence, as the Human Monad itself.

In less technical terms, the Toy Soul, at the end of its career in one form, is transmigrated to another, in which it reaps the reward, or pays the penalty for its conduct or misconduct in its preceding state, and the manner in which it acquits itself in each new embodiment determines whether it is to rise to a higher plane, sink to a lower, or remain where it was upon its next incorporation. This, rightly understood, is a comforting doctrine, accounting, as it does, for much of the apparently undeserved ill-usage encountered by a great majority of Toys in the Nursery world; for the striking differences in price and material which otherwise seemed to be fixed by mere arbitrary caprice; and, in short, for much that has softened many a stout wooden head, and soured much generous sawdust in the hopeless effort to comprehend and explain.

It is occasionally, though rarely the case, that a Toy Soul, after long and painful effort, succeeds in raising itself by successive stages towards a state of Spiritual Perfection, and attains a condition aptly termed by that distinguished Esoteric Buddhist, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, the Threshold of Nirvana—"a condition," namely, "in which a complete recollection of all the lives lived at any time in the past returns to it."

That such a retrospect, if it could but be revealed, would be fraught with instruction and interest, even to other than Toys, has long been the opinion of Mr. Punch, himself an adept of some standing. Accordingly he has for some time sought to impress this view upon his Guru, a powerful but unassuming Mahatma, who dwells in the utmost seclusion in a small toy-stall upon the summit of the most inaccessible peak in Thibet.

The Guru, a courteous and copious correspondent (though he will precipitate all his replies on the coloured paper that comes out of crackers!) threw difficulties in the way, as Gurus will, for a considerable period, but ultimately consented to use his influence with a Spiritual Toy, who is already all but over the Threshold, to project its reminiscences per astral current, post free, upon the brain of the most sympathetic and receptive of Mr. Punch's contributors, by whom they were at once committed to writing.

So here they are—and should the reader find the Toy Soul a

little tedious occasionally (as he is not unlikely to do), he must remember that its Ego has reached a state in which Time is no longer of any consequence.

MY FIRST BIRTH.

THE body in which I first became conscious of my existence was that of an India-rubber Ball, and it would hardly be possible to start much lower down in the scale of Toy Creation—unless, indeed, one were condemned to begin life as a Brick. It might be thought that a Ball has neither opportunity nor excuse for being anything but absolutely blameless—but this is a superficial view; with the best intentions, and the loftiest aims, balls are only too liable to fall, and I fear I was erratic from the first. I was always getting myself into messes, and I never could pass a puddle without rolling into it. I got out of them somehow, by dint of sheer bounce, which I could always rely upon in those days; but such habits, nevertheless, exercised a gradually deteriorating effect on my character, and left it less able to withstand a serious temptation. I was soon assailed by a sinister longing to break a pane of glass; the poor pane had never done me any injury, but I was none the less strongly impelled on that account—and, unhappily, I had never been trained to resist my impulses!

It was of course impossible for me to effect my criminal design unaided; but, when we have once resolved upon misdoing, the means are seldom long in presenting themselves! Chance furnished me with an accomplice, in the person of a Human Boy, whom I easily induced to put me in the way of gratifying my passion for destruction. The window was smashed to atoms, and I well remember the elation with which my whole being expanded as the fragments shivered at my touch.

The Boy got a severe thrashing, and had to stand in a corner, while I—the real offender—was given a week's holiday, which I spent in a drawer, cracking my sides (for I had a rudimentary sense of humour) on this curious instance of nursery equity. I little knew then, however, that, though I escaped punishment in my Ball-form, in another—but I shall come to that by-and-by. My retirement, I blush to say, was employed in planning fresh schemes of outrage, to which I was mortified to find afterwards that my dupe obstinately refused to lend himself. In fact, he showed a strong disposition to avoid having anything more to do with me for the future. So I was reduced to brooding over my forced inactivity; neglect told on my constitution; I lost all my old light-heartedness and elasticity; and yet, short-winded as I was, I was still impenitently meditating indiscretions I was now powerless to commit, when Destiny interposed in the form of a nursery pin, and I felt too late how hollow was all ambition! My soul seized the opportunity to escape through the aperture, and

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

leave behind it an empty and discredited shell, which, I believe, lingered on in an automatic unconscious fashion for some time afterwards, though my connection with it was fortunately dissolved for ever.

MY SECOND BIRTH.

AFTER an interval (which, although I was not aware of it at the time, I spent in a sort of intermediate state known to us Buddhists as "Devachan"), I returned to the vicissitudes of nursery life as a Ninepin. Not that I was an ordinary Ninepin—at least not so ordinary as the other eight—for Fate, with its usual irony, had set upon my brow the circlet of Royalty—I was the Ninepin King. The distinction was a mere mockery, however, for it only singled me out as a special object for attack. There was a beast of a Ball, with revolutionary principles, which seemed—why I never could imagine—actuated by some personal animosity against me, for it was perpetually seeking my overthrow, and, what was worse, almost invariably succeeded!

I felt this acutely, for no monarch could have been more constitutional, more utterly inoffensive than myself. I was quite willing to retire, but I found myself restored as often as I was deposed! Of course I now recognise that this was nothing but a beautiful example of the retributive operation of Karma. I was only paying for that broken pane of glass, and, by an exquisitely appropriate arrangement, a Ball was selected to exact the penalty! But, as I had no recollection then of ever having been a Ball in a previous state, I found it very perplexing. My courtiers stood by me as long as they could, sharing my downfalls and my restorations; but the monotony of the life became too much for them at last, and, one by one, they abandoned me, until I was left in solitary state. Then even the Ball seemed satisfied, and gave up a persecution, which—such a creature of habit is every Ninepin!—I actually missed, and caught myself resenting its cessation as a personal slight.

However, I was not allowed to sink into obscurity; I fell into the hands of a Human Child, who, as I now firmly believe, was hopelessly mad. She insisted on attiring me in various costumes, to which my figure was not in the least adapted, and in which I must have looked a perfect fool, and she invented the wildest stories about me, relying upon my powerlessness to contradict her. I have been a selfish old Peer, reformed by a good little Lord (she said she was the Lord!); an African explorer; and a young Prince, in imminent danger of having his eyes put out (and I hadn't any eyes to put out!); in the course of a single afternoon! I have been the greatest and bravest General in the whole world one hour, and the next the loveliest and unhappiest Princess that ever was. What a position for an elderly Ninepin of any common sense to be placed in! At first I was indignant at being drawn into these useless deceptions, then hopelessly bewildered, until at last I insensibly lost all hold on my identity, and was ready to believe I was anybody she chose to call me! But it slowly warped my grain, nevertheless, and a crisis came at last which upset my equilibrium for ever. Some one—or so I gathered—had taken the child to a Haymarket, where she had seen, and, I suppose, conversed with, an individual called "SHAKESPEARE." What occurred in that interview I do not know even now, but, when she returned, she wrapped me in black velvet, and addressed me as "HAMLET!" The terror of being confronted with her hand, attired in a silver thimble and a pocket handkerchief, and finding

myself expected to recognise in it my father's spirit, the strong language that was put into what I must figuratively call my mouth, the shock of finding that I had stabbed an inoffensive old pincushion, who was first called "POLONIUS," and afterwards "CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark," must have strained my fibre beyond what it was capable of bearing. All I know is, that from the date of that trying afternoon I was hopelessly cracked! And that is all I remember.

MY THIRD BIRTH.

THE Law of Karma has mysteries which are hid even from the initiated, and I am still at a loss to explain how it came about that I was next incorporated in an Organ Top. But so it was. I had been a fairly good Ninepin, but then a Ninepin's virtue is purely of the negative order, and this may have been the reason why I was not held entitled to higher promotion. Still, a Top that, when spun, emits a kind of devotional drone, with a distinct choral suggestion about it, was a rise from a Ninepin, and I had a feeling that I had a mission to perform, even though I was rather vague as to its precise nature. There were thousands of frivolous toys in the Arcade where I was spun, and I did what I could to introduce a note of deeper solemnity in my uncongenial surroundings, though, I fear, with little success. At last I was purchased and taken away by a well-meaning person, who saw in me a suitable Sunday toy for a small godchild. The godchild, unfortunately, regarded me with unfeigned alarm, and could never be induced to come near me, while the majority of the household treated the low Gregorian chant which I hummed so perpetually as an unmitigated nuisance.

There was one person, however, who seemed to find it soothing, but she was an old grandmother, and suspected of being in her dotage. Every Sunday she would spin me all the morn'g—ostensibly to amuse her grandson, but, in reality, with a confused sense that it was almost as satisfactory as attending church. I should have felt this a greater compliment if she had been an old lady of stronger intellect; as it was, I was dissatisfied with my limited opportunities. I longed to be of some real use, to do something sensa-

tional; and I was still occupied with these empty dreams, when a ribald member of the family, on the plea that I gave him "the dimal's"—whatever they may be—inflicted an inglorious martyrdom upon me by filling me up with Portland cement. My last breath as I suffocated was a sigh for so futile and wasted a career.

But it was *not* wasted. I had accomplished more than most Toys, although I did not know it then. For, on one of those very Sundays when the old lady was enjoying my ministrations, a reckless and desperate tramp came in at the front door. He knew that there was no one but the helpless grandmother, one female servant, and an infant in the house, and it was his deliberate intention to commit robbery, and even murder, should he be obliged to resort to extremes. He was already slipping off his boots on the mat in the hall, when a faint sweet strain struck his ear. That was *me*. No one who ever heard me hum did so without emotion of some kind. The tramp stopped, spell-bound. Memories, long forgotten, of his innocent boyhood—when he was a white-robed chorister in the village choir, and before he had been ignominiously expelled for devouring two plums and a necta-



MY SECOND BIRTH.



MY THIRD BIRTH.

me from the decorations at the Harvest Festival—stole back to his conscience-stricken heart. It suddenly occurred to him that he was a scoundrel, and he could scarcely bear it. His eyes brimmed with unaccustomed brine; he renounced his criminal career from that instant, and, resuming his boots, stole gently away, an altered man, with a selection of overcoats and umbrellas from the hat-stand.

I do not mention this by way of self-glorification, for, after all, the action was unintentional on my part, and, on that account, was not even entered on the credit side of my Karma. Still, it may serve as an encouragement for Toys who may be tempted to feel, as I was, that they have missed their mark altogether.

MY FOURTH BIRTH.

By way, I presume, of compensation for the Portland cement, I was next advanced, at a bound, to the rank of a Toy Animal. I was a large brown fur Monkey, with glass eyes, and a double row of white beads for teeth. But the Organ Top had left its indelible traces upon my individuality. I suffered from a chronic melancholy. My stuffing, which was made out of the mane and tail of a highly conscientious old bus-horse who had died in harness, was animated by a strong sense of duty; but I was a morbidly morose and pessimistic monkey. I found myself the property of a little Girl, who positively adored me; but I am ashamed to say I never responded with any real warmth to her caresses. She was a well-meaning little creature in her way; but I hated being cuddled and messed about when I was in low spirits, and I was rather easily bored. A woolly Cockatoo, who was in the same Nursery with me, was more of an intellectual companion, though I thought her frivolous, and too full of flock, until the elastic came out of her back, and she gave up dancing. Then we used to have long and serious talks on the uncertainties of Nursery Life, and the perishability of all Newness. It sometimes struck me that the Cockatoo would have been glad to guide the conversation into a channel of tenderer intimacy—but I was not the kind of monkey to encourage this. Life always seemed to me quite serious and perplexing enough, without introducing emotional complications of that description. And besides, the child claimed such devotion as I was free to bestow, for she depended almost entirely upon me for solace. She had a cousin, a brutal Boy, who did me the honour to be jealous of her evident preference of my society to his own, and paid me out by countless petty indignities whenever he caught me alone, generally placing me in some conspicuous and humiliating position, in the vain hope of lowering my patroness's respect for me. The Cockatoo was indignant on my account, and remarked, with some asperity, that the meekness with which I allowed myself to be taken by the tail and flung about the room was unmonkeylike. But it was not so much meekness after all as a

cynical acceptance of treatment I saw no use in resenting; I don't say I never felt tempted to escape through an open nursery window, but pride kept me from deserting my post, and, besides, I invariably landed too short on the sill. One day my child proprietress was taken ill, and obliged to remain in bed, and that morning I had a worse time of it than ever, for that diabolical Boy took advantage of the occasion to extract every one of my bead teeth! However, I was saved from further ill-treatment, for the little girl's illness proved to be something called "infectious," and her cousin was sent away for fear of catching it, though it seemed to me he deserved to catch it for his cruelty to me. After that I was left in peace for some time, for which I was thankful, as it gave me leisure to think out my relations to the Toy Cosmos secure from molestation, and I had just reached a comforting conviction that I was perhaps the most miserable fur monkey that ever was stuffed, when duty again summoned me from meditations that afforded me the keenest intellectual enjoyment. The child was worse, and, in her fractiousness, nothing would content her but my companionship—she was constantly calling for me. Now the question with me was, whether I was bound to undertake the worry and responsibility of watching a sick child. It was not what I had been bought for, and I really felt the need of repose. So I hid myself behind a chest of drawers; but the child's wailings penetrated even to my hiding-place, until I could not stand it any longer. The Cockatoo did her best to persuade me that I was under no moral obligation to go; but my stuffing asserted itself; and so, when the child next awoke, it was to recognise me seated on a cane chair by her bedside.

I remained by her side until her illness terminated, enduring her caresses, and bearing her peevishness—and, what it cost me in wear and tear, I cannot describe. I took no pleasure in the work; there was a certain harshness about the horsehair of which I was composed, that prevented me from feeling more than a decorous sympathy with the sufferer. I went through it from a stern sense that it was my duty, and supported entirely by my own approbation. But I pulled her through all the same; and, when the crisis was safely passed, and the patient convalescent, I felt that the credit was due to me alone. She got well so rapidly that the doctor began to talk about removing her to the seaside, which I thought an excellent plan, for I wanted a change of air myself, and it was not likely that, after such services as mine, I should be left behind. To my bitter disappointment, however, I found myself rewarded with the most heartless ingratitude. The child went to the seaside—but I did not. On the contrary, I found myself treated as a dangerous character, and put on the Nursery fire,—to reflect as I frizzled, that this was all I got for being a meritorious Monkey!

MY FIFTH BIRTH.

It may seem odd that I should have made my next appearance in the character of a clock-work mouse—but such was the fact,



MY FOURTH BIRTH.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

and Karma was right, as usual. For I deserved a step upwards for my strict attention to duty in my previous state, and a mechanical mouse is obviously a more highly organised Toy than a Fur Monkey. On the other hand, I had been rather too stiff and self-satisfied, and this had to be taken out of me—so I was merely a Mouse.

In my ignorance I quite believed I was a real one, and sought the acquaintance of the genuine mice who lived behind the nursery wainscot. They were puzzled about me at first, until I innocently betrayed the fact that I was full of clock-work, and could not run about until I was wound up; it never occurred to me that all mice were not like that, but I soon found myself shunned as an impostor, with nothing inside him but an uncanny collection of cogwheels. Those cogwheels creaked sorely enough, and my spring was very rusty at times at the thought of my ignominy, for, if I was not a real mouse, I could not think why I should have been constructed to resemble one. But at length my thoughts were diverted to a more agreeable subject—I fell in love. The object of my passion was a beautiful slender creature, a real live Hen Canary. Now I was almost glad that I was *not* a real mouse, for, had I been one, I should have been incapable of appreciating her. It was presumptuous—mad, even—to lift my thoughts to one so far above me in every sense; but, Toy as I was, I loved that Canary with an ardour that made every wheel within me whirr till I positively shook. And all the time she twittered and chirruped in her gleaming mansion high overhead, and gave no sign of being so much as aware that I existed. How I used to watch her out of my head eyes, how I sought to attract her notice whenever I was wound up, by the mathematical correctness of the circles I described on the floor!

Now and then she would leave her residence, and flit about from one piece of furniture to another, and I always had a wild fancy that she might perch some day near the glass-lidded box which was my humble home, and that, if I could once make her acquaintance, I should excite her interest by the ingenuity of my mechanism. But it was never to be; Destiny decreed that that Canary should never fly towards my side of the floor—and perhaps it would have made no difference if she had. I had one Bird-friend, though, who took a decided interest in me. She was a Cuckoo, but she was clockwork herself—lived in a clock, in fact—which accounted for her sympathy. Never an hour went by



MY SIXTH BIRTH.

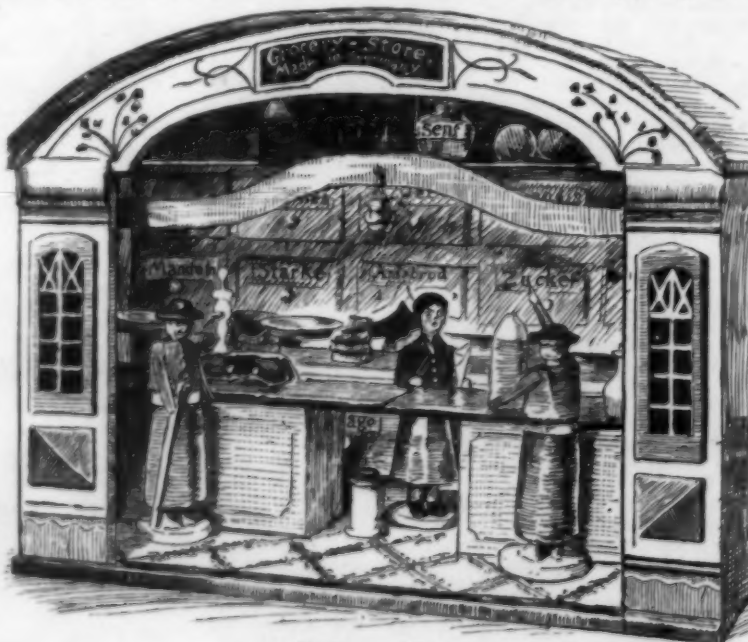
do for a live Canary? Accident supplied an answer to that question. It happened that the Canary was fluttering about the room one afternoon as usual, when the kitchen Cat came up. I was out of my box at the time, and from my corner I saw the cruel brute stalking my unsuspecting love, who was preening her pretty yellow feathers on the coalscuttle. I held my spring in suspense—in another instant my dainty darling would be devoured before my eyes—unless a substitute offered himself! And then I saw my way—a substitute *should* be found. Fortunately I had been wound up that morning, but had not felt inclined to go; so, just at the critical moment, I released the catch, and ran out—shakily enough—right between her outstretched paws. As I calculated, the Cat, being young, and a fool, was deceived by the

without her coming out, if only for a moment, to pass the time of day. She soon discovered my infatuation for the Canary, whom she seemed to dislike for some reason. The Cuckoo gave me excellent advice, for she was a practical, bustling creature, but I was not grateful. I found her tiresome, and she had a trick of slamming the door after her, which annoyed me. "Cuckoo!" she would cry, "what's the good of machinery if you don't make use of it? Get something to do in a clock—like me; you'll have no time for sentiment then. Cuckoo!" or else it would be—"You're running down fast, wearing yourself out for a foolish feather-headed Canary, when, all the time, if you cared to use your eyes, there is one who—Cuckoo!" And she was gone again, with a more energetic slam than usual. But I went on caring for the Canary as much as ever, though I knew too well that she could never be mine. I would have done anything for her—but what could a mechanical Mouse

stratagem—she had me by the back in a moment. Her teeth met in my plaster back, but she seemed to find my flavour disappointing, and revenged herself by clawing all the wheels out of me one by one, till the last cog rolled into a corner, and I ceased to exist. But, long before I went, I had the satisfaction of knowing that the Canary was safe—for I could hear her chirping away as merrily as ever.

MY SIXTH BIRTH.

In spite of my folly, I had on the whole, behaved myself so well as a Mouse, that I was allowed to begin my next life with brighter prospects. I was a Drumming Rabbit on a wheeled car, and I first realised my own importance, when my youthful proprietor took me to cheer the bedside



MY SEVENTH BIRTH.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

W. B. E. W.

1911





ON - THAMES.

FABRIC OF A VISION. - SHAKESPEARE.

of an elderly relative who was suffering from a sick headache. My influence was simply marvellous. At the sound of my tambourine, the patient, who had appeared utterly prostrate suddenly revived, and spoke and acted with extraordinary vivacity and energy!



MY NINTH BIRTH.

rior. He was a Bull, covered like myself with real skin, but there was a cord attached to his throat, and when the cord was pulled, he bellowed in a tone that was too deep for any tambourine to drown. The more critical toys, such as the Mouth-Organ and the Penny Trumpet, admitted that my drumming was original and lively—but could I bellow like the Bull? That was the test of real ability.

I could only retort that no Rabbit who respected himself would condescend to bellow. But I hated the Bull—all the more because he was so confoundedly patronising; he praised my performances, and predicted that I should make a great noise in the Nursery world. I made up my mind that I would drum him down at all events before I had done; and I did. I drummed an impression into several influential toys that bellowing was played out, that, even as a bellow, the Bull was an overrated animal, and that he was beginning to repeat himself. I soon had my partisans; there were several toys which, though neither vocally nor instrumentally gifted themselves, were yet excellent judges of noise, and they maintained that, while my drumming was admirably true to Rabbit-nature, the Bull's bellow was utterly false and conventional. The Children with whom we were connected soon adopted this view themselves, and the Bull fell into general disrepute, though he was such a beastly magnanimous brute that he didn't seem to mind it much. "I've had my day," he told me (he would insist on being friendly up to the last); "they're tired of me—and no wonder; so it's time I made way for a newer toy!" I could not help tapping my tambourine impatiently, for I felt that this good-humour of his was an outrageous piece of humbug—he *must* be jealous of such evident superiority as mine; of course he detested me for exposing his pompous old imposture! My triumph would not have been half so enjoyable if he hadn't. Well, he drifted into the background, and the Nursery heard him no more; after which, I had the entire carpet to myself. I fear I allowed my head to be slightly turned. I overdid the drumming; I took myself just a little too seriously, perhaps. I felt that my drumming was an important factor in Nursery society, and was entitled to the most earnest attention—I felt bound to insist on it. This went on, and I became prouder and prouder, until one day they brought a plain square chest into the room, and it was rumoured among the toys, that the new arrival was a more wonderful musician even than myself. I endeavoured to show the absurdity of supposing that anything worthy of the name of music could be contained in such a very ordinary box; but I was a little anxious myself until they wound the thing up and it played. To my relief it proved a very poor performance, and the drumming—the only creditable feature in it—was simply an

impudent imitation of my own manner. But somehow the thing was popular; it played tunes, which—so deplorable is Nursery culture!—were actually preferred to my tambourine, a far chaster and severer form of noise, in my opinion. It was no use, however, I was insulted by being made to keep quiet while that box performed. As a Rabbit of spirit, I was not going to yield without a struggle: I drummed more vigorously than ever, whenever I got the chance. I was determined to restore popular taste to a healthier condition, and I still believe I should have succeeded in time—even though, in my excitement, I had drummed a hole in my tambourine—but one day I felt something snap inside me, and found to my horror, that my front paws were powerless! I was now a ruined Rabbit, and met the fate of all superannuated toys—I was put on the shelf close to a dilapidated-looking quadruped on a green stand, which was now almost wheel-less. I knew him at once—it was my old rival, the Bull; he had lost his right eye and his left horn, his skin was tattered, and his bellow reduced to a mere wheeze—but he was just as cheerful and friendly as ever. "Why, you don't mean to say you've got here *already*!" he began. I told him, rather stiffly, I was only there temporarily—for rest. He cast his remaining eye on my ragged fur, my paralysed drumsticks and burst tambourine, after which he observed, mildly, that he was "very glad to hear it." I had not intended to cultivate his acquaintance, but I needed sympathy so much, that, without quite knowing how, I told him how the fickle public of the Nursery had deserted me—at a time too, when, as I knew myself, I had never drummed better!—for a meretricious Musical-Box. The Bull agreed that it was hard, but said it was the way of the Nursery world—they *did* get tired of their toys rather quickly. I asked him whether he did not think that—in my case at least—they would, as they grew wiser and older, see their injustice and repair it. The Bull said they *might*—but, by that time, it would probably be too late to repair *me*. I suppose I betrayed some disappointment, for he added, "After all, you know, what *does* it matter? It must end at some time—a little sooner or a little later— isn't it enough to have given any pleasure at all? Let us be philosophical—this is a very comfortable shelf, and we are in a capital position for hearing the Musical-Box, which, between ourselves, I cannot help admitting is more agreeable than either my bellow or your tambourine." I differed from him—so far as the latter



MY TENTH BIRTH.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

was concerned, for I am still of opinion that there never was any music that made anything like the noise of my drum. In spite of this conversation, however, my relations with the Bull never became very intimate; he never seemed to realise what retirement



MY ELEVENTH BIRTH. (First Stage.)

MY SEVENTH BIRTH.

HAVING satisfied my "Karma" in my previous state, I had qualified myself for a higher grade, and was accordingly honoured by receiving a nobler form. I was now a Toy Man. My resemblance to humanity may not have been startling, and I was only a meek little Plaster Grocer—but still I *was* a man, which was something. Unfortunately, I did not realise that the higher estate brought with it a greater responsibility. No Toy Tradesman could have started in business with better chances. I had the neatest little shop, with a counter and scales, labelled drawers, and a carefully selected stock, complete. The children who helped me to conduct my business recommended me to various toy customers, and did their utmost to complete my commercial training. Moreover, I had every motive for getting on, for I was "keeping company" with a young Shepherdess at a neighbouring toy farm. She was a buxom maid, with little black dots of eyes which sparkled under her broad-brimmed hat; she would have been nearer the classic type, perhaps, if she had possessed anything like a profile, but I was a little undefined in that respect myself, so I could not afford to be very critical. She had a little flock of remarkably crinkly sheep, each with a red ribbon round its neck, and I used to go and visit her every evening as soon as play was over for the day. Often did we stand or lie—for we were neither of us in the habit of sitting—under one of the spreading green-shaving trees, and talk, hopefully enough, of the future. I was to work very hard and gradually enlarge my premises into stores, and then we could marry, and she would superintend the dairy department. For she came from a big emporium, where there were departments for everything, so she knew all about it. But, privately, I felt a certain want of confidence in my own capacity for enterprise, although I did not confess to it then. I had already discovered that much of the stock with which I had been

supplied was deceptive, and I was so inexperienced that I felt considerable difficulty in selling articles which I could not conscientiously recommend. But I *did* get over that in time. And then the labels on my drawers and things bothered me a good deal; there was a small china jar, for instance, which bore the word "Senf" written upon it in crabbed letters. What "Senf" might happen to be I had no idea, and yet SHEM was constantly coming in and asking for a pound of it, and I had to pacify him by representing that we were out of it for the present. So we *were*, for that matter, for the jar, like most of the drawers, was perfectly empty—but it *was* very worrying all the same. As I look back now, with that larger, fuller knowledge which has come to me, I know of course that Senf was merely a German expression for mustard—but I was not permitted to learn that then. The children, who I began to see with alarm, were *most* unprincipled persons to be connected with, stocked my drawers with sand and sawdust, which they obliged me to palm off upon Mrs. NOAH—a most respectable lady—as the best tea and coffee! Is it any wonder that my scruples were gradually overcome under such influences? I could hardly expect to prosper—and I didn't. Mrs. NOAH objected that the tea was gritty, which was true enough, and left me in consequence. I had a most unpleasant



MY ELEVENTH BIRTH. (Second Stage.)

scene, too, with HAM and JAPHET, who returned a box of cigars I had sold them, on the ground that it was nothing but a block of painted wood. No more it was; but then, as I explained, it was the only brand I kept in stock, and I had never had any complaints before. Upon this, however, they both became so abusive that I was really obliged to tell them very severely, that I *did* think that, as *Sunday toys*, they ought to be ashamed of themselves! After a few experiences of this sort, I grew reckless and demoralised; my weights were detected as false, and I only smiled. I told the Shepherdess frankly that, at the rate I was going on, I saw no prospect whatever of being in a position to marry, and that we had better consider our engagement at an end. She took it very quietly—she was always gentle and placid—only that very night she snapped off quite suddenly at the waist. Nursery opinion held me responsible, and I daresay I was, but I couldn't help it. Was it *my* fault if I was placed in a false position from the first? The climax soon came; my business declined, my stock, such as it was, was dispersed, and my fittings dismantled; then I was turned out of my shop, which the children subsequently converted into a school, and then into a fort. I was a plaster bankrupt with the world to begin anew. The children found me employment as a driver



MY TWELFTH BIRTH.

AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1893.

of a tin hansom, but, being as incompetent a cabman as I had been a grocer, I promptly fell off my perch and broke my neck. I remember that I was glad when I heard it go, and knew that at last I had done with a life of which I had made such a hopeless muddle!

MY EIGHTH BIRTH.

Of course I had by no means done with life yet, and I was accorded another chance of retrieving myself, and learning the meaning and value of commercial integrity. I became an animal once more—a Cardboard Donkey that kicked. But it was a position, nevertheless, of great trust and responsibility, for whenever a penny was placed in a nick on my back, I was required to deposit it in a bank behind. The business was transferred from the curbstone to the nursery mantelpiece, where I discharged my duties with unflinching regularity, faithfully passing every coin entrusted to me to the credit of my customers. I remember having a sentimental fancy for a beautiful little Zebra on wheels, but I struggled hard against my passion, and overcame it in time. For I was too closely tied to the Bank to have any leisure for the gentler emotions. So I kicked stubbornly on, until one of those financial crises by which the best regulated nurseries are convulsed at times burst upon me unprepared. There was a panic among the depositors, which caused a run upon the bank; it broke (like myself, it was only cardboard), and my frame, already overstrained by constant attention to business, sank in consequence. But I went to pieces with the proud satisfaction of knowing that my accounts were in perfect order, and that there was sufficient in the bank to satisfy every creditor in full, which is more than every manager has been able to feel in similar circumstances.

MY NINTH BIRTH.

I DESERVED some promotion, and I got it. I was now a smart and well-set-up Wooden Soldier. I saw a good deal of service in carpet border warfare, in one action receiving a pea in the chest, the mark of which I carried through life. I was steady under fire, and might have looked forward to a brilliant career, but for an inveterate dislike to Human infants—which proved my undoing. It is painful even now to think that I should have disgraced my uniform by such unsoldierly conduct—but I was arrested on a charge of attempting to poison a baby who had wounded my *amour propre* by sucking all the paint off my hat. A court-martial was held, the principal witness against me being the baby herself, who was still suffering from the effects. I was broke, and dismissed the Army, after which I went altogether to the dogs, being chewed out of all recognition by a couple of fox-terriers.

MY TENTH BIRTH.

NEXT time I was—let me see—oh yes, I remember now: a common plebeian Dutch Doll. Need I say that I was a *sans-culotte* from birth? It disgusted me that the mere accident of being born wooden or waxen should make such an enormous difference. Why should some dolls be gorgeously attired and hardly ever played with, while others were scantily clad and in constant demand? I didn't know, but I felt such inequities ought to be stopped. I gathered round me a small band of desperate and enthusiastic dolls, all pledged to the cause, and we harangued mass meetings on the nursery hearthrug of broken and discontented toys, whom we

informed that they were groaning under the iron heel of a kid and sawdust aristocracy. They were doing nothing of the sort; but they liked to be told they were. One or two middle-class composition and china dolls sympathised with us, or so they said, but I don't think they quite realised that we were in earnest. We were, though. We tampered with the tin soldiery until we had inculcated many of them with our zeal for a purer social state; the bricks, down to the smallest cube, were with us; we were ripe for revolution—and our opportunity came at last. A band of hostile boys invaded the nursery, and we eagerly joined them in a general attack upon that foster-bed of idle luxury, the Doll's House. It was carried by storm, all the furniture turned topsy-turvy, the swarm of do-nothing patrician dolls, who had robbed us so long of our inheritance, were expelled, and I proclaimed the New Era from the balcony. We began by abolishing rank; henceforth the only aristocracy was to be Talent—which gave the *ugly* toys a chance. Shop toys were commanded to love street ones, or take the consequences, which—to their shame be it said—they generally preferred to do. We were all free and equal, or if there

was any quality that conferred more freedom and equality than others, it was cheapness. As unquestionably the cheapest doll, I proposed myself for President, and, my comrades being all afraid of me and distrustful of one another, I was unanimously elected. We got over any factious opposition by previously disfranchising all electors who cost more than sixpence halfpenny—a qualification which was later reduced to one penny. After that we had things pretty much our own way. Actuated, no doubt, by some personal feeling (for I had been very much cut up by being disdainfully rejected by a lovely young wax doll with blue eyes and flaxen hair, whom I had offered to exalt to my own rank) I passed some sweeping reforms, confiscating real hair (and even tow) as being in the nature of "unearned increment," and putting down the glass eyes which had so long insulted us by their



MY FOURTEENTH BIRTH.

haughty stare. Why not? He's got on very well without them. I admit now that I secretly contemplated having my own features oncased in wax and furnished with a wig and a pair of blue beads—but that was merely because a certain amount of state was necessary to my position. None of the other dolls would have been permitted these privileges. In consideration of devoting my time and talents to the public, I occupied the Doll's House as my private and official residence. The state revenues, consisting of pins, passed through my hands, and of these I amassed by various methods an immense quantity, of which some of my subordinates had the audacity to claim their share! I need not say that I rebuked their selfish greed and vindicated the sanctity of Property—they perished miserably, and I was absolute. After thus establishing Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity throughout my dominions, I might have hoped to enjoy the love and gratitude of the people. But alas! some toys have no reverence for an established institution, they lack that instinctive respect for rank, however attained, which alone preserves the community from anarchy! Encouraged by the withdrawal of the Boys, who had done so much to place me in power, and the return of the legitimate sovereign of the nursery, they rose against my dictatorship, and, somehow or other, I was torn limb from limb with every sign of popular disapproval. Such is the reward of the disinterested Patriot who seeks to benefit his fellow toys!

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

MY ELEVENTH BIRTH.

THERE must have been a heavy debit against me in the books of Karma, or I should not have found myself inhabiting perhaps the most hideous toy in existence. I was a Japanese Goblin Head, without even a body of my own, unless a piece of bent cane deserves the name. Whenever the cane was squeezed, my jaws opened and my eyes goggled in a truly horrible manner. You can fancy how bitterly I rebelled against such a lot, and how I felt that I could have been a good and respectable toy under any other conceivable form but mine. (Of course I was unaware then how many quite respectable forms I had already occupied, and what a failure I had been in most of them.) In my despair I took a savage and unholy delight in my own repulsiveness. I made a Skye-terrier frantic, a baby howl, and I frightened a goldfinch into a fit! I should have gone on from bad to worse, had not a little Dresden figure come to live on the same mantelpiece with me. I tried to terrify her, but delicate and fragile as she looked, she showed no fear of me. She merely remonstrated with me on making such extremely ugly faces, until I gradually began to wish I was a better goblin. And soon, under her sweet porcelain influence, I improved. Even my expression grew gentler, more human. Whether she ever suspected how devotedly and respectfully I loved her, I don't know—at times I hoped she might read it in my eyes—but perhaps mine were not exactly the sort of eyes to convey the subtler shades of expression. I now endeavoured to amuse instead of alarming, and ended by becoming generally respected and beloved. So, when my time came and I gasped out my life at the feet of my Dresden divinity, the last thing that met my upturned eyes was her smile of gentle approbation.

MY TWELFTH BIRTH.

HAVING done my best as a Goblin under great disadvantages, I was once more promoted. I was a Gentleman Doll. I shared my comfortable Doll's House with a very charming china wife, whom I adored. Unhappily, I failed to understand her; I never considered her sufficiently serious to share my anxieties as a Doll, and consequently she was reduced to content herself with mere womanly pursuits, in which I encouraged her. It amused me to see her so engrossed in such trivialities as Female Suffrage, the True Position of Woman in the Household, Education, and the Emancipation of the Sex. So I suppose I ought to have made more allowance for her when I discovered, as I did one day, that she had surreptitiously written a drama on the Marriage Question, which she intended for early production at a *Matinée* at the Royal Cardboard Theatre, and had pledged my credit for the necessary expenses, which would run into several rows of pins! But I could not. I was too rigidly conventional. I'm afraid I was unnecessarily severe, I know I said "Ugh-ugh!" to her. All I thought of was the damage to my reputation as a good and respectable Doll. But just then a bulky packet fell into the letter-box—it was the manuscript of her play, declined with thanks! I was saved, and ready to forgive her everything now the danger was over. But she would not be forgiven; on the contrary she turned round and lectured me! She said I should have insisted on making a Doll of her, instead of treating her as a Woman; then she would not have wanted to write plays! She informed me we were strangers, and she would leave me—never to return, unless a miracle happened, and she learnt, by knocking about the nursery, what Doll-dom really meant, and why *Matinées* were immoral. Then she went out, slamming the door behind her.

The miracle must have been one of those which do not happen, for I never saw her again.

MY THIRTEENTH BIRTH.

I HAVE little to record about my next state of being. I was the Little Man in the Weather Cottage, and as I now recognise, was punished for my uxorious carelessness as a Gentleman Doll. For I was constantly tormented by a firm conviction that I had an ideal helpmeet somewhere—only I never could get sight of her! As soon as I went in at one door, she went out at the other. It was unspeakably tantalising, until at last, after repeated disappointments, I realised sadly that Destiny was against us—that we never should meet on that mantelpiece! So I sought to console myself with study; and tried hard to master the weather forecast. While still occupied in these abstruse pursuits I made the acquaintance of an elderly white-bearded Mahatma in a box, and was privileged to become his pupil, or *chela*. From him I first gained a faint idea of the vast system of worlds of which our Nursery formed but an insignificant part. Through him I learned to abstract myself, to subdue the passions and desires, and in short, to become an accomplished esoteric adept. When I knew all he could teach, I, successfully projected myself out of my plaster body and, after undergoing terrible ordeals (which, as I fortunately forget, I will not describe) freed myself from my Toy trammels for ever!

MY FOURTEENTH BIRTH.

YES, I am a Toy no more. I have done with the Nursery at last. I am a Mystic, an Automatic Magician in a glass case, a Cave of Mystery and Divination, to which trembling mortals resort to consult the future. After their offering is deposited, mysterious music sounds, and I point out the response of the oracle inscribed upon a revolving disc at the back. In the same case with me is a fairy in short skirts, who dances jerkily while I prophesy. Nothing is hid from me now. I range back over my past lives, and from what I see there, I am enabled to recognise in this Fairy my true Affinity, or Twin Soul. I have met her frequently in my various existences, though I knew it not. She was the Cockatoo when I was the Fur Monkey, the Cuckoo who loved me as a Clockwork Mouse, the Wooden Shepherdess I jilted as a Plaster Grocer, the Striped Zebra, the Flaxen-haired Doll, the Dresden Figure, the China Woman-wife, the Fair Unknown of the Weather Cottage. And she recognises me too, and we both feel a calm and passionless satisfaction that we should have met at last in this perfect harmony and understanding.

But we do not feel even that very much—we have got far beyond all extreme emotion. . . . My services are required by a mortal female in a poke bonnet, who has a very tiny bar of blue ribbon stitched to her cloak. She wishes to consult the oracle. When the dial stops, I see that the reply, as indicated by my wand, is: "Come back and see alone," which is safe, but procrastinating. She departs, evidently impressed, and presently returns alone, more anxious than ever. Again the mystic dial revolves, and this time the answer of Fate is, "Give up drinking Spirits." . . . I am about to resume my lofty abstraction, when an umbrella breaks in upon my seclusion, and I soar suddenly into the Unknown!

APOTHEOSIS.—THE last solemn communication I am permitted to address to the world I have left can be but brief. I am across the Threshold at last! I am a Sixth Rounder, revolving slowly and serenely in an atmosphere of ethereal essences, absorbed in sublime and ecstatic self-contemplation; my eyes radiant with thoughts beyond all utterance, my lips parted in a perennial smile of placid content. I have a faint impression that She, my Affinity, is near me and similarly engaged, but it no longer seems of any consequence. This is Rest. This is Felicity. This is Nirvana. . . . I may say no more. . . . Farewell!

[THE END.]



APOTHEOSIS.



MR. PUNCH'S DREAM OF HIS RECENT AMERICAN VISIT. No. 3.—OUR ENGLISH PARLIAMENT AMERICANISED.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

FORTY WINKS BEFORE DINNER. (By Tom Noddy.)



9. Too late, alas! Such a nice Boat, too, and everything so snug, and Vera and Tommy waving their handkerchiefs, and Smut standing on his hind legs. It reminded me of Hampstead Heath, near the "Spaniards."



11. I was never more surprised in all my life. They walked off my things to the Gaol in the Impasse du Radis Noir, and poor Tom Noddy walked between, with gyves upon his wrists.



10. So I went into Ste. Ciboule, and forgot to take off my hat, and my Hand-bag struck six and sang "Home, sweet Home!" in German. They opened it, and found Père David's bird and Madame Picard's clock!



12. I had a demie-tasse with the Gaoler and his Wife (who was quite a lady though plain), and played with their children, who were very nice and friendly, and reminded me of Tommy.

AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1893.

FORTY WINKS BEFORE DINNER. (By Tom Noddy.)



13. They forgot to bolt the Back-door, so I bolted through it myself, and ran along the Falaise de l'Asperge, the Gaoles' children sticking to me like Caramels. That's the worst of being nice to children.



15. I doubled, and took the wrong turning. The Bloodhounds were at my heels. There was the steamer sinking, with all I love, below the verge! I madly plunged off Cape Jambonneau.....



14. The whole town was up and after me, shouting, "Au voleur! À l'assassin!" The very air was dark with birds and bats and flying fish (none of which seemed very good to eat).



16. "Papa! Dinner! Wake up!" Oh joy! Madame Picard's clock was safe on the mantelpiece. Françoise was bringing in La Soupe à l'Oseille (scrumptious). All's well that ends well. - S., farewell, all!

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

A DAY'S HUNTING.

"EIGHT o'clock, Sir!" Wonder who said that? Oh, it's JOHN. What does he mean? Can't be eight o'clock. Yes it is. Nuisance! Wish JOHN wouldn't make so much noise in waking me. Must

badly twice. Bleed much. Can't be helped. Bath. Ugh! Leather-breeches take no end of a time to button. Now for my new tops. Where on earth are those boot-pulls? On toilet-table? No. On



drawers? No. Under chest of drawers? No; but have knelt in a splash from the bath, and spoilt look of my leathers. Ring for JOHN. In the meantime, get on shirt and collar, and try to tie my tie. Why will that confounded laundress wash my ties so stiff? Gold pin with a fox's head. Go in, won't you? Go in, go in, go—ah! Pin bends double. Enter JOHN. "JOHN, where the devil have you shoved those boot-pulls to?" "There they are, Sir, under your 'and." Singular, so they are. Straighten pin and finally insert it. 9:25! Too late to put on boots before breakfast. Go down in slippers. Still bleeding. 9:30. In the breakfast-room. Slip in and sit down without absence of boots being noticed. Odour of recent breakfasts very strong and disagreeable. Pah! Mother and one or two others still in their places. "My dear HENRY. You're very late. I'm afraid the tea's not hot. Shall I send for more?" No time. Have to be content with rinsings. A sausage, quite cold. One poached egg. Hard. That's why everyone else left it. Wish Miss ELLINGTON wouldn't talk to me. Why hasn't she finished her breakfast and gone away? Make signs to Mother to go, and take Miss E. with her. Mother won't understand. Strange, I thought Miss E. such a nice girl last night. Limp toast. Simply beastly. Enter my brother TOM. "Hurry up, old cock; we ought to be jogging along now." Gulp down marmalade, dollop of which falls on new red coat. Capture it. Stickiest stuff in the world. Dash upstairs



speak to him. Not now, some other time. Want to sleep twenty minutes more. Why must he pull up blinds. Ridiculous to suppose I couldn't get out of bed at proper time and pull them up myself. Hope he's going now. Yes. No. "What boots will you wear, Sir?" Shan't answer. Too sleepy. Besides, JOHN ought to know without asking. "Will you wear the new boots, or the old, Sir?" Hang JOHN. Must annoy him by answering "Yes." Do so. "Very well, Sir, I'll put out your new pair." Has done so. Don't want to wear that new pair, but can't bother to tell JOHN. "A quarter past eight, Sir. Rather a dull morning." Will he never go? He is gone. Can put in ten minutes' sleep, and get down comfortably for nine o'clock breakfast. Might be better to get up at once and shave. Loathe shaving. Shan't get up. Meet at Pitchfork Heath, eight miles off. Ought to start at about twenty minutes to ten to do it comfortably without tiring horse. Ought really to get up. Mere idea of bath is detestable. . . . Curious. Am dressed and riding to Pitchfork Heath with fifty other horsemen. Some have wings. Why have I never noticed this before? JONES is riding a zebra. MCWELTER is on a giraffe. Capital notion. Don't seem to remember this country. Bishop of the diocese joins us in his landau. We are in his Cathedral. What has become of my horse? The Bishop is marching at the head of the Choir beating a gong, boo-o oo-om—By Jove, that's the breakfast-gong. Jump out of bed. Shave with tepid water. Cut myself


GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES
 PREPARED BY ABSORPTION & IMBIBITION
 THE RATIONAL & EFFICACIOUS USE
NORWAY PINE TAR
 CROUP, COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, CATARRH
 OF THE NOSE, THROAT, & LUNGS, INFLAMMATION OF THE
 LARYNX, & PHTHISIS
 Price 1s 1/2 per 100 all Chemists
 A. GÉRAUDEL, Manufacture of the
 CHARENTAIS, COGNAC
 Sole Agents for GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND,
 FRANKLIN & JOHNSON, 32, RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON
 (MADE IN FRANCE)

CHOCOLAT MENIER

FOR BREAKFAST. DAILY CONSUMPTION EXCEEDS 50 TONS.

PARIS. LONDON. NEW YORK.

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

ALWAYS THE SAME. ALWAYS THE BEST.

"NO BETTER FOOD EXISTS."
London Medical Record.
Already Cooked—Requires neither boiling
nor straining—Is made in a minute.

ALLEN AND HANBURY'S INFANTS' FOOD.

A nutriment peculiarly adapted to the
digestive organs of Infants and Young
Children, supplying all that is required for
the formation of firm flesh and bone.

WHOOPIING COUGH
Instantly relieved. Quickly cured.



PAGE'S
PATENT
VAPOURIZER

AND
CRESOLENE.

Cresolene is most valu-
able in Whooping Cough,
Asthma, Catarrh, Scarlet
Fever, Diphtheria, &c.
Vapourizer, with Lamp complete, and 2 oz. bottle
of Cresolene, 6d. Post Free, or can be obtained
through any Chemist. The Vapourizer can be had
separately in bottles of 4, 8, 16, and 32 oz.
ALLEN & HANBURY, Fencham Court, LONDON.

ENGLISH WATCHES.

CHAS. FRODSHAM & CO.,
By special appointments to the Queen and H.R.H. the
Prince of Wales, Superintendents of Her Majesty's
Clocks at Buckingham Palace.

THREE GOLD MEDALS.
Only Address, 84, STRAND, W.C.
Descriptive Price List post free.

FOR DELICATE CHILDREN. SQUIRE'S CHEMICAL FOOD.

The Only and Original
PARRISH'S Food.

The Food is enclosed in a tin wrapper, which
dissolves in water both from the original and on
another, in the most essential ingredients.

In Bottles, 2, 3, 6, and 12.
obtainable everywhere.

SQUIRE & SONS,
Her Majesty's Chemists.
413, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

COLLINSON & LOCK.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

ARTISTIC FURNITURE

IN LONDON.

New & completely fitted rooms. New schemes of decoration. New designs.

Prices to meet all Requirements.

76 to 80, OXFORD STREET, W.

CANADIAN CLUB Distilled and Bottled by WHISKY

HIRAM WALKER & SONS, LIMITED,
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada.

The age and genuineness of this Whisky are guaranteed by the Excise Department of
the Canadian Government by Certificate over the capsule of every bottle. From the
moment of manufacture until this certificate is affixed the Whisky never leaves the
custody of the Excise officers. No other government in the world provides for consumers
this independent and absolute guarantee of purity and spiciness.

LONDON OFFICE—18, Cockspur St., Trafalgar Sq., S.W.
NEW YORK—1126, Broadway. CHICAGO—106 & 107, Kearsarge Bldgs.

"EXCELLENT—of Great Value."—*Lancet*, June 15, 1889.
CONCENTRATED Gold Medals, 1884, 1886.

PEPTONIZED

NUTRITIOUS.
DELICIOUS.
DIGESTIBLE.

COCOA AND MILK (PATENT).

Tins, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. each, obtainable everywhere.
SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON.

ASPINALL'S ENAMEL

COLORS EXQUISITE
SURFACE LIKE PORCELAIN.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

CHRISTMAS.

Parisien Novelties

FANCY BOXES, BASKETS,
BONBONNIÈRES, &c.
MARQUIS CHOCOLATES,
BON BONS & COSSAQUES.

Also,

PÂTE DE FOIES
GRAS EN CROÛTE.
SPANISH HAMS.
RUSSIAN CAVIARE.

Write on application to—

MORELS,
210, PICCADILLY;
18 & 19, Pall Mall;
143, REGENT STREET, W.

WELCOME ALWAYS
KEEP IT HANDY
GRANT'S MORELLA
CHERRY BRANDY.

*Inquire for it at all Bars and
Refreshment Rooms.*

Don't be put off with Inferior Makes
Manufacturers—
T. GRANT & SONS, MAIDSTONE.

NEITHER SCRATCH

NOR

SPURT.



FLUENT
GRACEFUL
WRITING.

*Ask your Stationer for a
Sixpenny assorted Sample Box*

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

CLARKE'S WORLD FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities,
from its source, thus affording, for Scrofula, Scurvy,
Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples, and many
other kinds, its effects are more than, it is the only real
specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes
the cause from the blood and bones. Thousands of
testimonials. In bottles 2s. 6d. and 12s. 6d. each, of all
Chemists. Sent for 3309 120 stamps, by the proprietors,
THE LINCOLN AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG
COMPANY, LINCOLN.
Trade Mark—BLOOD MIXTURE.

to put on new boots. Tug, tug, ow! Tug, tug, tug! That's one on. Horribly tight; painful pressure round leg on buttons. Tug, tug! The other boot on too. Much tighter even, and more painful. Tie bows: badly bungled. Try again. Very untidy; but will have to do. Spurs. Where are they? Round and round the room. Found. Put them on. Feel, during the process, as if I should burst. Dash downstairs. Trip. Spurred my boot badly. Horse is being led up and down by groom. "Mr. Tom's gone on, Sir. He said you knew the way, and you'd be sure to catch 'im up." Hang Tom: he might have waited half a minute. Can't find my hat anywhere. JOHN! JOHN!! JOHN!!! "I wish you wouldn't stuff everything of mine away, JOHN. Where's my hat?"


"At, Sir? It's on your 'ead, Sir."

Scored off again. Must take it out of JOHN, somehow. I believe he lies in wait to catch me. Generally succeeds, too, worse luck. "My crop, JOHN." He can't find it. Triumph! He rushes off to look for it. Comes back without it. Groom produces it suddenly, like a conjuror's trick. "You give it me last night, Sir, to get clean." JOHN's face is a study. Calm consciousness of superiority, tinged with reproach, as who should say, "Why vex your faithful servant with useless messages?" Mount. Off at last. Past ten o'clock.

Shall have to push along a bit. Light a cigar first. Produce it—bite it. Match-box. Heavens! Only one match! "Steady, boy, steady! Stand, you brute, stand!" Now for it. Strike it. Horse starts. Match out. Argument with horse, points being emphasised by crop. Jog along.

Ought I to turn to left, or keep straight on? Can't remember. There's not a soul in sight. Chance it, by going straight on. Jog a mile. That left post seems to get tighter and tighter. Agony. Meet a rustic. Ask him the way. "You ought to 'a turned up by Potter's Cope, a mile back." Just my luck. Back again, and turn up by Potter's Cope. Who was POTTER? Why had he a

Cope? And why am I thinking of such rubbish? That's Pitchfork Heath in the distance. I know it by the three trees in a line. Nobody to be seen on Heath. It's past eleven. Trot on fast. Sound of a horn in the distance. Canter. Ah, there they are, right on the top of Melby Down. Can just make them out going fast. They're going south, so I might get a short cut. Try it. First a ploughed field. Going as heavy as can be. Nasty-looking bank at far side of field. Must have it, all the same. Horse refuses. At it again. Over! Hold up, hold up—dump! Off, horse having pecked twice on landing, and gone down in another ploughed field. Very dirty. Up again. Pound on somehow. Hurray!—they're checked. Got to them at last.



potter. Try another covert. So we go on for hours. Rain. More rain.

Wetthrough, not having taken waterproof. In pain from both boots. Why are breeches made with buttons, for top-boots to press into one's flesh? Chop a fox in covert. And that's the last we see or hear of a fox this day. Wet, cold, hungry. So is TOM. Horse has got a bad over-reach, and I've spurred him in the shoulder. It's four o'clock, and we're twelve miles from home. Both boots keep the agony going. Walk him the whole way, reaching home at 7-15. Query? Is hunting really a pleasure? Think it out before dinner. Answer—No. Recur to subject after dinner, before smoking-room fire. Answer—Yes. Sleep in arm-chair. Bed.

THE DIARY OF A NEW M.P.

Monday.—Am glad election is over. Quite a new joy to be able to pass a man in the street without grinning genially upon him. Since the poll was declared, showing majority of 570 for me, have



"Grinning genially."

had quite a debauch of contradiction. Feel as if my soul was my own again, also my body. When Provost McSMEE, Chairman of my Committee at Sawynpope, meeting me on morning after election, observed "It's a fine day," I said quite snappishly, "Do you think so? I fancy it will rain before night."

Almost made him jump. Twenty-four hours ago I should, responding to similar remark, have nervously rubbed my hands,

feebly smiled, and said, "It is, indeed!" But I owe the Provost one. He's an Elder of the U. P. Kirk, and sucks peppermint-drops through the sermon. When I first came to Cudcattleshire to begin my canvass, I stayed at his house over the Sabbath. Coming out of kirk after the morning service I observed to him, "It's a fine day, Provost."

"Ah, Mester MORIBUND," he said, gloomily shaking his head, "it's no the day to talk o' days."

Tuesday.—It's over at last, and I'm an honest man again. Hope we shall not have another bust-up for five or six years. When last House was sitting remember I was rather in favour of triennial Parliaments. Not so sure I was right. Conclusion seems a little hasty.

"Ah, Meester Moribund, it's no the day to talk o' days."



"Ah, Mester Moribund, it's no the day to talk o' days."

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH



Lindsey Samborne del.

THE MODERN MOTHER GOOSE.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE YEAR.

"DANCE A BABY DIDDIT!"
(Hamby-pamby Art and Literature.)

"GIRLS AND BOYS, COME OUT TO PLAY!"
(Open Spaces for Children.)

"HUMPTY-DUMPTY SAT ON A WALL!"
(Turf Plungings.)



THE MODERN MOTHER GOOSE.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE YEAR.

"LITTLE JACK HORNER SAT IN A CORNER."
(A Corner of Finance.)

"NEEDLES AND PINS, NEEDLES AND PINS."
(Troubles of a Bonedick.)

"HARK, HARK, THE DOGS DO BARK!"
(Aliens and the Press.)

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

Why recklessly readjust the machinery? Let this Parliament at least run its course. Time enough to consider triennial term when we see who's in at next general election.

Wednesday.—Mean to make my mark in Parliament now I'm in. It's all new and strange, but so was India to CLIVE when he first set foot on its coral strand. Began



"Having secured a Corner Seat, occupy it constantly. Let House grow accustomed to your presence." well. Made a friend of TONY, M.P., asked his advice. Received me most affably. Put me on the straight path at once. "Most important," he says, "to get a good start. In this House, as in ordinary ones, nature of introduction everything." "Who then should I get to bring me up to the table?" I asked. "Mr. G. and HARCOURT

wouldn't be bad in their way," he said. "Could it be managed?" Well, it was unusual.

Thursday.—TONY M.P. strongly urges me to secure a corner seat below the Gangway. It is, he says, from that position all men who have risen to high estate have started. The SQUIRE OF MALWOOD stepped thence to the Treasury Bench, and so, from the other side of the House, did GRANDOLPH. For many sessions the Sage of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE had a corner seat which he benevolently shared with his disciples when in turn they rose to attack someone or something. From a corner seat



"JEMMY" LOWTHER looks on a sadly changed world, and from a corner seat JULIUS ANNIBAL PIEROX from time to time rises to thrill the senate with burning eloquence.

Friday.—"Having secured a corner seat," my Mentor continues, "occupy it constantly. Let House grow accustomed to your presence. Speak on every subject that comes up for debate,



"It's the most natural thing to cheer your own Leaders—just reverse the position of affairs."

and never pass a day without putting from three to seven questions to Ministers. At the outset you will probably evoke some indications of personal distaste for your company. Not to put too fine a point upon it, they will try to howl you down. This may last for a Session, or even two. At the end of that time you'll not only win, but will have established yourself in the position of a favourite. I am old enough to remember when JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR was an object of contumely. His rising was ever the signal for a storm of howls and jeers. JOSEPH went on rising, and after a prolonged contest the House not only ceased to yell at him, but hilariously cheered when he interposed in debate, and on the day he died, there was scarcely a dry eye in the place. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS and SEYMOUR KEAY have not reached that position yet, and probably never will, for JOEY B. is not a product a century reproduces. But they are on the way to it, and have distinctly made progress."

Saturday.—There is, I gathered in later conversation with my philosopher and friend, even higher game for the new M.P. to play than that indicated by examples quoted. "The worst thing any new Member can do," he says, "is to let it appear that he will fall into line and obey the Whip. Anyone can do that. It is the easiest and most natural thing to cheer your own leaders, and attack Hon. and Right Hon. Gentlemen opposite. If you, my dear MORIBUND, want to make an early mark in the House of Commons, just reverse the position of affairs. The thing to do is to kick out behind. If you are a Liberal, hint dislike for the proceedings on the Treasury Bench. If you are a Conservative, hesitate



doubt about the patriotism, or, more telling still, the common honesty of Right Hon. Gentlemen on the Front Opposition Bench. That is certain to secure an audience which otherwise might be lacking. Gentlemen opposite will feel bound to remain and back you up. Your own side will sit angry but interested. There will be cheering and counter-cheering. Probably you will be replied to from whichever Front Bench you may chance to have attacked, and your fortune is made. I won't mention names, but I can count off on the fingers of my two hands just as many men who are Ministers to-day, or were Ministers yesterday, who owe their emergence from obscurity directly to these tactics."

Very glad I came to the Fountain Head for advice on this subject. Seems easy enough to follow. I'll certainly try. When we get fairly to work in February, Cudcattleshire shall loom large in the Parliamentary reports.

**MINOR MISERIES.
HALF-COCK.**

(By Mr. Punch's Hammer-Gunner.)

It was a dull December day—
Days mostly are in mid-December;—
From tree to tree a shrieking jay
Made discord, as I well remember.
"Line up, you boys," I heard him plain,
The Keeper cried "Left hand, move faster."
Slight sounds, but burnt into my brain
By that dull day's supreme disaster.

Oh, sweet to one whose gun is cocked
The pheasant's rustle mid the trees is.
It was a covert thickly stocked
With pheasants as with mites a cheese is.
The line drew onward in its beat,
And, though the sticks kept up a clatter,
I seemed to hear a thousand feet
Of pheasants on the dry leaves patter.

I scarce had shot a single bird.
I know not why—these things are puzzles—
Pheasant and rabbit both preferred
To die that day by other muzzles.
Or if some reckless bird aspired
To suit me, it was very odd he
Seemed, as without effect I fired,
All tail, and not a scrap of body.

Some twenty rabbits, too, had crossed
The grassy rides where I was posted.
My score was eighteen rabbits lost,
And only two completely "ghosted."

By shooting soon, or shooting late,
I missed them; yet it does seem funny



That fancy thus should elongate
The short but most deceptive bunny.

Though it were wiser not to care
For trifles such as these, they vexed me;
My skill—I would not boast—is fair,
And this day's want of it perplexed me.
So, as I stood and watched the trees,
I vowed this time to aim much harder,
And kill my birds in style, and please
My host, and help to fill his larder.

At last, at last! a whirr of wings!
Here comes a bunch of six or seven.
To right, to left, they stream in strings,
Some low, some soaring high as heaven.
I raised my gun; with might and main,
While straight above the pheasants rocket,
I pulled and pulled, but all in vain,
For I had quite forgot to cock it.

Away they flew: can pardon be
For bursts of language double-shotted?
When *Uncle Toby's* speech flew free,
The word was by an Angel blotted.
Yet if while I addressed my gun,
That Angel marked me as I muttered,
He must have dropped more tears than one
To blot the hasty words I uttered.

And still, though years have passed away,
And memories fade as men grow older,
My dreams repeat that fatal day;
The half-cocked gun is at my shoulder,
I strive to cry, my voice is dumb,
While, by my nightmare fears made bigger,
Flocks of gigantic pheasants come,
And bid me tug the useless trigger.

FIND AND FINISH.—A Sporting Novel in Twelve Chapters.



CHAPTER I.—I spend Christmas with Uncle JOHN, who very kindly lends me his Boots and Breeches (my own Frock-coat answers admirably for the upward man), mounts me on his old Mare, and sends me, in his place, to take charge of Cousin MAUD with the Hounds. Very jolly this—nice girl, MAUD—should not mind taking charge permanently.



CHAPTER II.—They are off, I shall be too, if this goes on. Everybody gone mad (old Mare included). MAUD rides wildly past me, begs me to go back and bring her Hat along—pulled off—tree-branch—jumping out of Covert. "Can't hold *Crusader*," she says.



CHAPTER III.—Have no objection myself to going back, (but old Mare very imperfectly broken animal), declines to do so at any price.



CHAPTER IV.—Am joined by Kindly-disposed Individual, who advises me to let the Hat go to the D—I and follow him—he knows the Country.
(The Finish at p. 32.)

MR. PUNCH'S DREAM OF HIS RECENT AMERICAN VISIT. No. 4.—CHICAGO.



MR. PUNCH'S DREAM OF HIS RECENT AMERICAN VISIT. No. 5.—NIAGARA, OF COURSE, AND "AU REVOIR."

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH.

FIND AND FINISH. (Concluded)



CHAPTER V.—This is delightful!!! Kindly Party quite a Master of Arts in the matter of Gates. Says he does take a jump sometimes though, when he's forced to.



CHAPTER VII.—Have thrown it!!!! Shut my eyes and trusted to chance (name chance). What a providential thing that horses were invented with long necks and a mane growing on the top—so much more convenient than underneath like a beard.



CHAPTER IX.—Try to pull a Rail out. Impudent Boy on pony turns up from somewhere, and wants to know why I don't bring a Carpenter out with me. Impudent Boy then vanishes. Alone; wander about for an hour—lost!



CHAPTER XI.—On my way fall in with MAUD herself at Cross-road. She thinks I have been carrying Hat about all day—deeply grateful—so sorry I should have missed the run of the Season through her! &c.



CHAPTER VI.—He's done it. "Only got to throw your heart over," he says. "Beastly long way to throw it, though," I say.



CHAPTER VIII.—Got on splendidly for two or three fields after this, and then found beastly Gate locked (shall write to *Times* about Locked Gates). Never mind—Kindly Party knows another way. He jumps it, and leaves me!



CHAPTER X.—Suddenly find myself at Covert, where I discover MAUD's Hat, by Jupiter!! Get off—pick it up—carry it home.



CHAPTER XII.—Evening—make the most of that Hat. Ask if I may keep it?—I may! MAUD promises that I may keep her too, as soon as I can!!
HAPPY FIND (THE HAT)! BLISSFUL FINISH!!

NOBLE EXAMPLES SET BY THE GREAT AND GOOD DO NOT DIE!!!

"THE FIRST TEST OF A TRULY GREAT MAN IS HIS HUMILITY."—RUSKIN.

"It is very characteristic of the late Prince Consort—a man himself of the purest mind, who powerfully impressed and influenced others by sheer force of his own benevolent nature—when drawing up the conditions of the annual prize to be given by Her Majesty at Wellington College, to determine that it should be awarded Not to the Cleverest Boy, nor the most Bookish Boy, nor to the most Precise, Diligent, and Prudent Boy, but to the Noblest Boy, to the Boy who should show the most promise of becoming a Large-Hearted, High-Motivated Man."—SMILES.

As Time rolls his ceaseless course, Christmas after Christmas comes round, and we find our joys and sorrows left behind; so we build up the being that we are.

WHAT MAKES A HAPPY CHRISTMAS?
HEALTH, AND THE THINGS WE LOVE, AND THOSE WHO LOVE US.

What higher aim can man attain than conquest over human pain?

EVERY TRAVELLING TRUNK AND HOUSEHOLD OUGHT TO CONTAIN
A BOTTLE OF

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."



THE CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"THE DRYING UP A SINGLE TEAR HAS MORE OF HONEST FAME THAN SHEDDING SEAS OF GORE."

"It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records."—*European Mail*.

IMPORTANT to all Leaving Home for a Change.—Don't go without a bottle of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." It prevents any over-acid state of the blood. It should be kept in every bed-room, in readiness for any emergency. Be careful to avoid rash acidulated salines, and use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" to prevent the bile becoming too thick and (impure) producing a gummy, viscous, clammy stickiness or adhesiveness in the mucous membrane of the intestinal canal, frequently the pivot of diarrhoea and disease. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" prevents and removes diarrhoea in the early stages. Without such a simple precaution the jeopardy of life is immensely increased. There is no doubt that where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease it has in many instances prevented what would otherwise have been a severe illness.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE.—WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM!

"A new invention is brought before the public and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—*Adams*.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, HATCHAM, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO.

"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well."

Sir C. A. CAMERON, M.D., President Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

Fry's

Pure Concentrated

Cocoa

60 PRIZE MEDALS Awarded to the Firm.

Be careful to ask for FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH.

Vinolia Soap

The VINOLIA SOAP COMPANY is the only one which has ventured to supply
Exhaustive Analytical and Home Test free on application.

DELICATE SCENTS.

Premier, 4d.; Floral, 6d.; Balsamic (Medical), 8d.

DELIGHTFUL ACTION.

Otto (Toilet), 10d., and Vestal 2s. 6d. per tablet.



FOR THE SKIN IN HEALTH AND DISEASE.

"'Vinolia' is an emollient cream for the skin in eczema, rash, eruptions, &c. It possesses a fragrance of distilled rose."
Lancet.

1s. 9d., 3s. 6d., and 6s. per box.



Toilet, 1s. 6d.



SOLUBLE AND SAFE.

"An impalpable Rose Dusting Powder, soluble, of remarkable fineness, and well adapted for the nursery, toilet, 'weeping' surfaces, and sweating feet."—*British Medical Journal.*

1s. 9d., 3s. 6d. & 6s. per box.



VINOLIA SHAVING SOAP.
Creamy, Demulcent.

Toilet, 1s., 1s. 6d. & 2s. 6d.;
Vestal, 2s. 6d.



Toilet, 2s.

Vestal, 2s. 6d.



AROMATIC, TONIC,
PRESERVATIVE.

English, 2s. 6d.; American, 1s. 6d.

BLONDEAU ET CIE, Ryland Road, London, N.W.

American Depot, 73, 75, & 77, Watts St., New York.

E. J. MILLIKEN'S "ARRY" BALLADS, WITH 100 PUNCH PICTURES. PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.